

Newport Mercury

WHOLE NUMBER 9129

NEWPORT, R. I., JULY 29, 1922

VOLUME CLXV—NO. 8

The Mercury

—PUBLISHED BY—

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Mercury Building

182 THAMES STREET

NEWPORT, R. I.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Newport, R. I., under the Act of March 26, 1879.

Established June, 1759, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of only eight columns, and with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening a favorable report was received from a special committee that had been considering the advisability of roping off Washington Square for the block party on the evening of Fleet Day. The board voted to have this done. The roadway will also be put into condition for dancing by the highway department.

Bids were opened for a bond issue of \$144,000 and many bankers submitted proposals. Estabrook & Eaton were the highest bidders and received the award at 101.28. This is the best price that has been received for some time.

The controversy regarding the placing of a pole on Atlantic street was settled by changing the location a few feet, and then the abutting property owner removed his objection.

A complaint was received regarding the openings in catch basins and was referred to Aldermen Williams and Hanley. It appeared that a two-year-old child rolled partly into an opening on Berkeley avenue a short time ago, and was rescued by two young men who were passing. The father made the complaint to the city, suggesting that some form of guard rail be installed to protect young children.

A large amount of routine business was transacted.

Just as the old popular Boston excursions had been restored, after several years of effort, the railroad strike has resulted in their curtailment. One excursion was run to Newport, bringing a large number of visitors. Another was scheduled for this week, but at the last moment the Company felt that it had to curtail the use of its rolling stock because of the shopmen's strike, and the excursion was called off. Some of the Newport taxi-drivers had not heard of the change of plan and a number of vehicles assembled at the railroad station to handle the traffic that was expected. They were greatly disappointed.

The Newport County Agriculturalists, whose annual fair takes place on the Society's grounds in Portsmouth September 19, 20, 21 and 22, are making big efforts to have this the biggest and best exhibition ever held by the Society. The President of the Association, Mr. A. Lincoln Sherman, is a live wire. Under his management this fair has grown steadily year by year since the start, till now it has become to be one of the biggest fairs of the state. The Secretary is James R. Chase, 24, of Newport, another good worker.

We mentioned last week the visits of Presidents Hayes and Arthur to Newport and the entertainments in their honor. On July 5, 1889, President Harrison visited Newport, and after a public reception at the State House, dined at Maycroft, on Bellevue avenue, as guest of Governor Ladd. On August 3, same year, ex-President Cleveland spent four days here as the guest of C. C. Baldwin on Bellevue and Narragansett avenues.

The old Granite State, formerly the frigate New Hampshire, was destroyed by fire this week, while being towed from New York to Eastport, Maine, to be broken up. The old New Hampshire was known to thousands of men in the service who had passed over her deck while she was the Station ship at the Naval Training Station here. For many years she was a landmark in Newport harbor.

FLEET DAY PLANS

The Atlantic fleet will be in Newport Harbor from August 7 to August 20, and preparations are being made to entertain the officers and men while here. The personnel will be quite large, considering the crews on all the large and small vessels and auxiliaries, but the number of battleships will not be very large. However, the destroyers, submarines, flying ships, and others will go to make up a sizable fleet.

The committee on Fleet Day, which will be August 16, are holding weekly meetings, and are making good progress with the plans for the day. It is expected that the decorations on Washington Square and Thames street will be very elaborate, especially in the evening, when special illuminating features will be used. An engineer from the General Electric Company is now working out the plans for this feature, under the direction of Superintendent Goshing of the local plant, and it is expected that specifications will be ready for the meeting next Monday evening.

The block party on Washington Square will be the feature of the evening, the entire square being roped off for dancing. It is expected that over 1000 young women will be available for dancing partners, under the direction of a large number of matrons.

Plans for the cutter races in the harbor are coming along well, and a large number of entries are assured. Permission has been given for the use of navy cutters, and the local crews will use these as well as the crews from the various ships.

There will doubtless be many excursions here during the day, even though the railroad situation is rather chaotic. In any event, steamers, trolleys, and autos will bring large numbers of visitors from away.

On August 11th the delegates to the national convention of the Oriental Order of Humility and Perfection, which will be in session in Providence, will visit Newport and will have dinner at the Beach. A large attendance is expected. This organization is the playground of the Odd Fellows and while rather young has a large membership. The Rhode Island organization visited Newport some weeks ago and staged an imposing parade here, the distinctive feature being the fezes of the members. The convention in Providence will last for several days, and one day will be devoted to Newport.

Two houses on Oakwood Terrace, one belonging to the estate of Admiral Chadwick and the other to the estate of George Gordon King, have been broken into within a few days, the indications being that the breaks occurred last Saturday night. As far as can be told nothing of any particular value was taken from either place, and the police are inclined to think that it was the work of boys. Entrance was secured by the breaking of glass in the windows and then turning the catch.

The members of the New England Street Railway Club came to Newport on their annual outing on Thursday, and enjoyed dinner at the Beach, followed by a program of sports. There were many ladies in the party and they were looked after by a local committee who saw that they received every attention. Mr. Edward A. Brown headed the general committee of arrangements, and Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Edward P. Goshing were in charge of the ladies. Congressman Clark Burdick was one of the speakers at the dinner.

Although the actual details are being kept secret for a while, announcement is made that a new industry is considering a location in Newport. An interested party has conferred with Mayor Mahoney in regard to a conference and Friday night was selected as the date. A meeting of the industrial committee of the Chamber of Commerce, the Mayor and Board of Aldermen was called to meet in the Council Chamber, when the representatives of the New York concern were to talk the matter over.

There was a narrow escape from drowning off the Ann street pier Wednesday morning, when Willie Collins, ten years old, got beyond his depth. His predicament was critical, when Walter Smith, an older boy, plunged in with all his clothes on, and brought him to the pier.

Several hundred members of Azab Grotto of Fall River are expected to be in Newport on Saturday afternoon, coming through by automobiles. After a run about the Ocean Drive and other places of interest they will go to the Beach for a shore dinner.

FOR BETTER TRAIN SERVICE

A special meeting of the Newport Improvement Association was held on Tuesday at the rooms of the Newport Historical Society for the purpose of considering a number of matters. Mrs. Paul FitzSimons tendered her resignation as president, because of her infrequent visits to Newport. It was understood that Mr. John Thompson Spencer, vice president, would serve until the annual meeting in August.

One of the most important matters was the adoption of a resolution asking for improved train and boat service between New York and Newport by way of Wickford. After citing the present running schedule between New York and Newport, the resolution continues:

Now, Therefore, Be it Resolved, That the Newport Improvement Association will be most willing to cooperate with the Mayor and Board of Aldermen and the Chambers of Commerce of Newport, Jamestown and Narragansett Pier in presenting the foregoing facts and conclusions to the attention of the officials of the New Haven railroad, with the object of convincing them of the great value of the ocean shore, between Watch Hill and Newport, because of its wonderful summer climate and unequalled ocean bathing, and that the New Haven railroad be requested to run during the summer a "Seashore and Narragansett Pier Special", making the first stop after leaving New York at New Haven, necessary for change of motive power; second stop at Westerly for Watch Hill and third stop at Kingston for Narragansett Pier, Newport and Jamestown passengers.

Such a train should leave New York daily at either 3:30 or 4:00 p. m. (daylight saving time) and land its passengers at these three famous summer resorts in time for dinner. Connection at Kingston should be made with the branch train to Narragansett Pier and also with another train of one or more cars following the express over the main line, for the short distance from Kingston to Wickford Junction, and then continuing, without stopping, over the branch line to Wickford Landing. A fast passenger boat should be put on from Wickford Landing to Newport and through the combined saving of time the journey from New York to Newport could be made in about four and one-half hours (or, even less if a very fast boat is used) instead of taking six hours as at present, and by so doing build up these wonderful seashore resorts with their unequalled summer climate and ocean bathing and increase the travel to them for the great benefit of the New Haven railroad, and of these places.

COAL SHORTAGE FELT

Although it will be some time before furnace fires are started properly owners in this city are beginning to feel the pinch of the coal strike. Some of the yards find that all their available supply is contracted for, and none of them are taking orders except for the regular customers. There is more of the smaller sizes of coal available than of the larger, but taking all together there is not a great supply in the local yards. None of the dealers will venture a prophecy as to when another supply will be received.

Recruits are still coming in to the Naval Training Station here, and the men can be seen out on the Grinder daily for their drills. Orders have been issued to transfer many regular navy men here to build up the ship's company and the personnel of the Station is increasing daily. A new detail of Marines has also arrived this week to be added to the Marine guard at the Torpedo Station.

Rev. Henry N. Jeter, D. D., and Mrs. Jeter have returned from a trip to the Pacific Coast, having been away from Newport for several months. Dr. Jeter spoke to thousands of persons, white and colored, in the interests of the Humane and Reform Association, and received much encouragement. The work is being taken up by clergymen and others in all parts of the West.

Members of the Fall River police department came to Newport on Monday for their annual outing. They were driven about the principal points of interest, stopping at the Newport Casino, and then went to the Beach, where various sports were enjoyed in connection with men from the Newport department.

There was a serious accident on Bath Road hill last Saturday afternoon, when a trolley car struck the auto of Herman Leroy Jones. A passenger on the running board of the trolley was thrown to the ground and considerably injured. There was an argument between the motorman and the owner of the car as to the cause of the accident.

Miss Harriet E. Thomas has sent an open letter to the Chairman of the Penal and Charitable Commission of Rhode Island, condemning the appointment of Mr. Lowe as director of the State Institutions.

GRACE C. McLEISH

Miss Grace C. McLeish, a daughter of the late James C. McLeish, and the proprietor of an important jewelry store on Thames street, died at the Newport Hospital on Thursday after having been in a serious condition for only a few days. She had been in rather poor health for several weeks, but had continued at her business until last Saturday. Since then she had failed rapidly, and was taken to the Newport Hospital for treatment on Wednesday. She lapsed into unconsciousness and passed away Thursday afternoon.

Miss McLeish learned the jewelry business in the former Herrmann store on Thames street, and after many years of service there she opened a store of her own in 1911. From the first she was successful and had built up a large patronage. She was a thorough business woman and had a wide circle of friends.

A member of a stalwart Republican family, she early took an interest in political affairs, and long before the ballot was given to women she was of material assistance to the Republican party. She was active in the work of organizing the women after the passage of the Suffrage amendment, and was always ready to lend her assistance to the cause.

Miss McLeish was long an active member of Aquidneck Chapter, No. 7, Order of the Eastern Star, of which she was a Past Matron. She was a willing worker and had served on important committees in the Order. The members of the Chapter will attend the funeral service on Saturday afternoon.

She is survived by her mother, two brothers and three sisters.

SALES OF SUMMER PROPERTY

Commodore Arthur Curless James and Mr. James S. Cushman have each purchased considerable tracts of unimproved land near their other properties in the Ocean Avenue section, presumably to be added to their other holdings, which at the same time give them larger estates and prevent the erection of undesirable buildings in the neighborhood. Considerable amounts of money are involved in the purchases.

There are persistent rumors that the Theodore M. Davis estate on the extreme tip of Brenton's Point has been sold, although the purchase has not been named. This is a very valuable property, containing a large amount of land as well as a splendid residence and other buildings. The late Theodore M. Davis, the distinguished Egyptologist, occupied it frequently during the summer and after his death it was sometimes opened by Mrs. E. B. Andrews. It is known that there are several persons who are spending the summer here this year who are in the market for good residential property, among them being Mrs. Robert Ogden Bacon of New York. It would not be surprising if several of the large residences changed hands before the opening of another season.

THE THEATRICAL SITUATION

The movie business in Newport is still in an unsettled condition. There is little likelihood of the Opera House being re-opened in the near future, not only because of lack of demand, but also because the expense would be very large, many radical changes being required before it could be used. There is a possibility that the Colonial may be opened during Fleet Week, provided that it seems necessary to accommodate the demand.

The affairs of the syndicate that controls the local houses are still somewhat tangled. Securities that were said to carry control of the syndicate were recently offered at auction by Massachusetts Bank Commissioners, but without satisfactory results and negotiations are now under way to find a private purchaser. It is doubtful if there will be any radical developments on the local end, until the question of ultimate control of the syndicate is finally settled.

A committee from the employees of the Torpedo Station has been in Washington this week in an effort to secure a rescinding of the orders to retire Chief Master Mechanic John J. Moore. Mr. Moore some time ago passed the age limit for active duty, but his time was extended for two years. Now an effort is being made to secure a further extension. Mr. Moore has been in charge of the mechanical work at the Station for many years and is thoroughly familiar with every detail.

The shore resorts would like to have a few pleasant Sundays before the season ends. Last Sunday was very disagreeable and threatening and kept many visitors away from Newport.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular correspondent)

Building Activities

The addition which has been under construction at the store of Mr. Ward Elliott has been completed. This makes the store an up-to-date, light, airy shop.

A new cottage is to be erected on the Vauluse Farm belonging to Mr. Barclay Hazard, and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Barclay H. Gifford. The cottage will be constructed by Mr. J. J. Peckham and will be on the drive about half way from the entrance of this farm to the present house. The old house is a typical Colonial structure with large columns on the front, but has become unsafe for the most part, and a large part has fallen to decay.

An automobile party has been camping out in the field just north of the new store of Mrs. Isaac Gray.

Mrs. Clarence Lunan, who has been at the Newport Hospital where she underwent an operation for appendicitis, is now visiting her sister, Mrs. Harrison Manchester of Newport, before returning to her home here.

Miss Florence Rose, chief telephone operator, who has been spending a two weeks' vacation in New Hampshire, has returned to her home.

The annual camp meeting will hold its thirty-second camp meeting at the Portsmouth camp grounds. The meetings will be opened on July 28 and continue through August 13. The new tabernacle which is being erected, is under the direction of an East Providence contractor. The principal speakers at the camp will be Rev. Arnold Hodgins of Pasadena, Cal., and Rev. John Matthews of Olivet, Ill. They will be assisted by the Aeolian Vocal Quartette of Chicago. The present officers of the Association are: President—Rev. Seth Reese. 1st Vice President—R. B. Deware. 2nd Vice President—E. G. Macomber.

Secretary—Rev. T. W. Delong. Treasurer—R. C. Tarr.

The annual board meeting will be held on August 3 for the election of new officers and on August 6 special services will be held for the dedication of the tabernacle.

The Women's Christian Union held a meeting recently with Mrs. George Sherman. By invitation of the Newport W. C. U. they joined with the Newport Union in a basket picnic at the Newport Beach on Thursday.

"Jack and Jill's Wedding" will be given by the children at the Garden Party of the Methodist Episcopal Church on August 2.

Rev. Joseph B. Ackley went to Portland, Conn., on Monday to conduct a funeral.

Rev. Reginald Pearce of Framingham, Mass., preached at St. Paul's Church on Sunday morning. Rev. Mr. Pearce is well known here, being the son of the late Rev. and Mrs. J. Sturges Pearce, who resided here for many years, as Rev. Mr. Pearce was the rector of St. Paul's Church.

Mr. Frederick Greene of Fall River has bought the estate of Mrs. Letitia Freeborn on Water street, which was recently sold at auction.

Mrs. T. H. Griffin and Mrs. Christine Dunham have returned to their home in Nantucket after a visit with Rev. and Mrs. Joseph B. Ackley. Rev. and Mrs. Ackley were transferred from the church at Nantucket to the Methodist Episcopal Church in this town.

Miss Margaret Parker, who has been spending a week of her vacation in New York and the second week with her sister, Mrs. James Hervey Handy, has returned to Fall River, where she is in training for a nurse at the City Hospital.

Mrs. John Brown and her daughter, Ruth Dean Brown, of Washington, who have been making an extended visit with Mr. Brown's father, Mr. George A. Brown, have gone to Middletown, where they are now guests of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Smith.

Miss Lettie May Borden, who has been at the Newport Hospital for the past three weeks, has returned to her home. She was operated upon for appendicitis while at the Hospital.

The Sunday School of the Methodist Episcopal Church went to Lincoln Park on Tuesday for its annual picnic. A picnic lunch was served at noon on long tables set in the grove. Games were played and the sports of the Park were patronized. About seventy-five persons attended the picnic.

A flock of 90 hens belonging to Miss Mary M. Wilbur was given fourth place in the Rhode Island home egg-laying contest for June. Her flock averaged 18.22 eggs each.

Mr. Charles S. Plummer has been confined to his home by illness.

Mr. and Mrs. William Allen are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a son at the Newport Hospital.

Mrs. H. Manton Chase entertained the G. T. Club of St. Mary's parish on Monday evening.

Mrs. Walter L. Cook and five children, of Adamsville, have been spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Chase.

Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Bishop have had as guests Miss Alice Conway and Mr. McRose of Providence.

Mrs. Elizabeth Sherman gave a clambake on Sunday at her home for about 27 friends.

Mrs. John B. Gorton, her daughter Ellen and Mr. John E. Kane motored to Springfield, Mass., for a visit with Mr. Gorton's sister, Mrs. Maud Wager.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Newport County Pomona Grange

The monthly meeting of the Newport County Pomona Grange was held recently at Fair Hall. The afternoon session opened at 4.15 p. m., instead of the usual time at 3, as many attended the funeral of its chaplain, Mrs. Elsie Clarke Peckham.

Worthy Master Mrs. Florence Sutcliffe presided over the meeting. Past State Master Sayles B. Steere of Chapechet and State Grange Treasurer Benjamin Martin of Providence were present and were given seats of honor at the right of the Worthy Master. Mrs. Steere and Mrs. Martin were also present.

A special service was conducted in memory of the late Chaplain, in which Ceres (Mrs. Ferdinand Armbrust of Jamestown) assisted by the Acting Chaplain, Mrs. Helen A. Wilcox of Tiverton, draped the Charter. As this service has only recently been instituted by the National Grange, it was the first time it has been held.

Remarks were made by Past Master Steere, State Treasurer Martin, Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Steere. Past Master Steere in his remarks urged the members to attend the annual State Grange Field Day, which will be held on August 1 at Kingston College. This will be the last time Professor West will act as State Lecturer, as he is soon to leave for Connecticut to take up his new work there.

It was voted to send the Lecturer, Mrs. William M. Spooner, to the lecturers' conference at Burlington, Vt., on August 23-25, at the expense of the Grange.

Miss Clover L. Hamby of Tiverton and Mrs. Jesse I. Durfee of Middletown were added to the flower committee, which is composed of Ceres, Pomona and Flora, by the Worthy Master, after which a recess was declared and a basket luncheon was served in the dining hall. The committee, Mrs. George R. Chase, 2nd, of Newport, and Mrs. William T. Wood of Tiverton, served coffee and egg salad.

The August meeting entitled "Pomona's Neighbor's Day," will be an all-day field day and Mr. Jesse I. Durfee has been added to the committee for the dinner.

Mr. I. Lincoln Sherman, chairman of the Executive committee, Mrs. Jesse I. Durfee, the secretary, and the Worthy Master, prepared resolutions on the death of the Chaplain, Mrs. Peckham, which were read, adopted and spread on the minutes. A copy was sent to the family.

The meeting was given over to the Lecturer, and a Grange song, "The farmer feeds them all," was sung. The roll call was responded to by the women naming favorite hot weather recipes, after which the possibilities of preparing a Grange cook book were discussed, and left for further consideration.

Under the heading of "Fifteen Minutes with the Worthy Flora," Miss Irene Potter of Nonquit Grange conducted an automobile guessing game, "U-to-Know." Mrs. Harry Lawton of Tiverton won the first prize and Mrs. William T. Wood won the consolation prize.

At this meeting a debate had been planned between Worthy Master Pierce of Narragansett Grange and Mr. Durfee, but Mr. Pierce was not present, so it was discussed at length. The topic was: "Is there greater physical and mental development in playing ball than in hayting?" The women took an active part in this discussion and the vote gave an equal division of opinion.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Smythe have as guests Mr. Alfred J. Smythe and Miss Catherine Smythe of New York.

Miss Florence Caswell has returned to the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Caswell, after spending the past month with friends in Canada.

Mr. Joseph Gracia, whose hand was seriously injured at Sunnyside Farm while hoisting hay in one of the barns, is improving slowly.

Mrs. Mary Emery, widow of Mr. Thomas J. Emery, who is to build a model community near Cincinnati, is well known in this town. Her home here is called "Marlemont," which is to be the name of the "dream city." Mr. Livingston, her secretary, who will have charge of the work, also has a home on Honeyman Hill.

Miss Delia Amy of Swansea, Mass., is spending the summer with Miss Dorcas Barker at her home on Oliphant Lane.

Mr. and Mrs. Restcom Peckham have had as guest Mrs. Benjamin A. Howland of Boston.

The P. M. Club held its annual picnic at Lawton's Valley on Friday evening.

Miss Ivah Peckham has returned to the Peter Brent Brigham Hospital, Boston, where she is in training for a nurse. Miss Peckham has been spending a vacation with her father, Mr. William J. Peckham.

The Holy Cross Guild met on Wednesday afternoon instead of Thursday, as had been planned. Arrangements were completed for the lawn party to be held soon.

Mr. Joseph L. Chase, who had been ill for the past two weeks, died at the Newport Hospital, where he was taken from his home on Turner's Road. Mr. Chase was in his 74th year. The funeral was held from the home of his nephew, Mr. Clifton B. Ward, on Tuesday.

The lobster salad supper which was given by the Men's Community Club at the Holy Cross parish house on Wednesday evening, was well attended. Sheriff James Anthony was chairman of the supper committee.

The CROSS-CUT

by Courtney Ryley Cooper

ILLUSTRATIONS by R.B. Van Nice

It was over. The rambling house, with its rickety, old-fashioned furniture—and its memories—was now deserted, except for Robert Fairchild, and he was deserted within it, wandering from room to room staring at familiar objects with the unfamiliar gaze of one whose vision suddenly has been warped by the visitation of death and the sense of loneliness that it brings.

Loneliness, rather than grief, for it had been Robert Fairchild's promise that he would not suffer in heart for one who had longed to go into a peace for which he had waited, seemingly in vain. Year after year, Thornton Fairchild had sat in the big armchair by the windows, watching the days grow old and fade into night, studying sunset after sunset, voicing the rain hope that the gloaming might bring the twilight of his own existence—a silent man except for this, rarely speaking of the past, never giving to the son who worked for him, cared for him, worshipped him, the slightest intimation of what might have happened in the dim days of the long ago to transform him into a beaten thing, longing for the final surcease. And when the end came, it found him in readiness, waiting in the big armchair by the windows. Even now, a book lay on the frayed carpeting of the old room, where it had fallen from relaxing fingers. Robert Fairchild picked it up, and with a sigh restored it to the grim, fumed oak case. His days of petty sacrifices that his father might while away the weary hours with reading were over.

What had been the past? Why the silence? Why the patient, yet impatient wait for death? The son did not know. In all his memories was only one faint picture, painted years before in boyhood: the return of his father from some place, he knew not where, a long conference with his mother behind closed doors, while he, in childlike curiosity, waited without, seeking in vain to catch some explanation. Then a sad-faced woman who cried at night when the house was still, who faded and who died. That was all. The picture carried no explanation.

And now Robert Fairchild stood on the threshold of something he almost feared to learn. Once, on a black, stormy night, they had sat together, father and son before the fire, silent for hours. Then the hand of the white-haired man had reached outward and rested for a moment on the young man's knee.

"I wrote something to you, Boy, a day or so ago," he had said. "That little illness I had prompted me to do it. I—I thought it was only fair to you. After I'm gone, look in the safe. You'll find the combination on a piece of paper hidden in a hole cut in that old European history in the bookcase. I have your promise, I know—that you'll not do it until after I'm gone."

Now Thornton Fairchild was gone. But a message had remained behind; one which the patient lips evidently had feared to utter during life. The heart of the son began to pound, slow and hard, as, with the memory of that conversation, he turned toward the bookcase and unlatched the paneled door. A moment more and the hollowed history had given up its trust, a bit of paper scratched with numbers. Robert Fairchild turned toward the stairs and the small room on the second floor which had served as his father's bedroom.

There he hesitated before the little iron safe in the corner, summoning the courage to unlock the doors of a dead man's past.

The safe had not been opened in years; that was evident from the creaking of the plungers as they fell, the gummy resistance of the knob as Fairchild turned it in accordance with the directions on the paper. Finally, a great wrench, and the bolt was drawn grudgingly back; a strong pull, and the safe opened.

Fairchild crouched for a moment, staring, before he reached for the thinner of two envelopes which lay before him. A moment later he straightened and turned toward the light. A crinkling of paper, a quick-drawn sigh between clenched teeth; it was a letter; his strange, quiet, hunted-looking father was talking to him through the medium of ink and paper, after death. He read:

"My Son:

"Before I begin this letter to you I must ask that you take no action whatever until you have seen my attorney—he will be yours from now on. I have never mentioned him to you before; it was not necessary and would only have brought you curiosity which I could not have satisfied. But now, I am afraid, the doors must be unlocked. I am gone. You are young, you have been a faithful son and you are deserving of every good fortune that may possibly come to you. I am praying that the years have made a difference, and that Fortune may smile upon you as she frowned on me. Certainly, she can injure me no longer. My race is run; I am beyond earthly fortunes.

"Therefore, when you have finished with this, take the deeds inclosed in the larger envelope and go to St.

Louis. There, look up Henry F. Beamish, attorney-at-law, in the Pittsford building. He will explain them to you.

"Beyond this, I fear, there is little that can aid you. I cannot find the strength, now that I face it, to tell you what you may find if you follow the lure that the other envelope holds forth to you.

"There is always the hope that Fortune may be kind to me at last, and smile upon my memory by never letting you know why I have been the sort of man you have known, and not the jovial, genial companion that a father should be. But there are certain things, my son, which defeat a man. Therefore it is not better that it remain behind a cloud until such time as Fortune may reveal it—and hope that such a time will never come? I think so—not for myself, for when you read this, I shall be gone; but for you, that you may not be handicapped by the knowledge of the thing which whitened my hair and aged me, long before my time.

"If he lives, and I am sure he does, there is one who will hurry to your aid as soon as he knows you need him. Accept his counsel, laugh at his little eccentricities if you will, but follow his judgment implicitly. Above all, ask him no questions that he does not care to answer—there are things that he may not deem wise to tell. It is only fair that he be given the right to choose his disclosures.

"There is little more to say. Beamish will attend to everything for you—if you care to go. Sell everything that is here; the house, the furniture, the belongings. It is my wish, and you will need the capital—if you go. And if circumstances should arise to bring before you the story of that which has caused me so much darkness, I have nothing to say in self.



"I Made One Mistake—That of Fear."

extenuation. I made one mistake—that of fear—and in committing one error, I shouldered every blame. It makes little difference now. I am dead—and free.

"My love to you, my son. I hope that wealth and happiness await you. Blood of my blood flows in your veins—and strange though it may sound to you—it is the blood of an adventurer. They say, once in the blood, it never dies. My wish is that you succeed where I failed—and God be with you!

"YOUR FATHER."

For a long moment Robert Fairchild stood staring at the letter, his heart pounding with excitement, his hands grasping the foolscap paper as though with a desire to tear through the shield which the written words had formed about a mysterious past and disclose that which was so effectively hidden. So much had the letter told—and yet so little! Dark had been the hints of some mysterious, intangible thing, great enough in its horror and its far-reaching consequences to cause death for one who had known of it and a living panic for him who had perpetrated it. In that super-calmness which accompanies great agitation, Fairchild folded the paper, placed it in its envelope, then slipped it into an inside pocket. A few steps and he was before the safe once more and reaching for the second envelope.

Heavy and bulky was this, filled with tax receipts, with plats and blue-prints and the reports of surveyors. Here was an assay slip, bearing figures and notations which Robert Fairchild could not understand, then a legal document, sealed and stamped, and bearing the words:

County of Clear Creek, ss.
State of Colorado.

DEED PATENT.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: That on this day of our Lord, February 22, 1892, Thornton W. Fairchild, having presented the necessary affidavits and statements of assessments accomplished in accordance with—

On it trailed in endless legal phraseology, telling in muddled, attorney-like language, the fact that the law had been fulfilled in its requirements, and that the claim for which Thornton

Fairchild had worked was rightfully his, forever. Fairchild reached for the age-yellowed envelope to return the papers to their resting place. But he checked his motion involuntarily and for a moment held the envelope before him, staring at it with wide eyes. Then, as though to free by the stronger light of the window the haunting thing which faced him, he rose and hurried across the room, to better light, only to find it had not been imagination; the words still were before him, a sentence written in faint, faded ink proclaiming the contents to be "Papers relating to the Blue Poppy Mine," and written across this a word in the bolder, harsher strokes of a man under stress of emotion, a word which held the eyes of Robert Fairchild fixed and staring, a word which spelled books of the past and evil threats of the future, the single, ominous word:

"ACCURSED!"

CHAPTER II.

In spite of all that omens could foretell, in spite of the dull, gloomy life which had done its best to fashion a matter-of-fact brain for Robert Fairchild, one sentence in that letter had found an echo, had started a pulsating something within him that he never before had known:

"—It is the blood of an adventurer."

And it seemed that Robert Fairchild needed no more than the knowledge to feel the tingle of it; the old house suddenly became stuffy and prisonlike as he wandered through it. Again and again pounded through his head the fact that only a night of travel intervened between Indianapolis and St. Louis; within twelve hours he could be in the office of Henry Beamish. And then—

A hurried resolution. A hasty packing of a traveling bag and the cashing of a check at the cigar store down on the corner. A wakeful night while the train clattered along upon its journey. At last:

"I'm Robert Fairchild," he said, as he faced a white-haired, Cupid-faced man in the rather dingy offices in the Pittsford building. A slow smile spread over the pudgy features of the genial-looking attorney, and he waved a fat hand toward the office's extra chair.

"Sit down, Son," came casually. "Needn't have announced yourself. I'd have known you—just like your father, Boy. How is he?" Then his face suddenly sobered. "I'm afraid your presence is the answer. Am I right?"

Fairchild nodded gravely. The old attorney stared out of the window to the grimy roof and signboards of the next building.

"Perhaps it's better so," he said at last. "Did he get any cheerier before—he went?"

"No. Afraid of every step on the veranda, of every knock at the door." Again the attorney stared out of the window.

"And you? Are you afraid?"

"Of what?"

The lawyer smiled.

"I don't know. Only—" and he leaned forward—"It's just as though I were living my younger days over again this morning. It doesn't seem any time at all since your father was sitting just about where you are now, and, God, Boy, how much you look like he looked that morning! The same gray-blue eyes, the same dark hair, the same strong shoulders, and good, manly chin, the same build—and look of determination about him. The call of adventure was in his blood, and he sat there all enthusiastic, telling me what he intended doing and asking my advice—although he wouldn't have followed it if I had given it. Back home was a baby and the woman he loved, and out West was sudden wealth, waiting for the right man to come along and find it. God! White-haired old Beamish chuckled with the memory of it. "Then four years later," the tone changed suddenly, "he came back."

"What then?" Fairchild was on the edge of his chair. But Beamish only spread his hands.

"Truthfully, Boy, I don't know. I have guessed—but I won't tell you what. All I know is that your father found what he was looking for and was on the point of achieving his every dream, when something happened. Then three men simply disappeared from the mining camp, announcing that they had failed and were going to hunt new diggings. That was all. One of them was your father—"

"But you said that he'd found—"

"Silver, running twenty ounces to the ton on an eight-inch vein which gave evidences of being only the beginning of a bonanza! I know, because he had written me that, a month before."

"And he abandoned it?"

"He'd forgotten what he had written when I saw him again. I didn't question him. He went home then, after giving me enough money to pay the taxes on the mine for the next twenty years, simply as his attorney and without divulging his whereabouts. I did it. Eight years or so later I saw him in Indianapolis. He gave me more money—enough for eleven or twelve years—"

"And that was ten years ago?" Robert Fairchild's eyes were reminiscent. "I remember—I was only a kid. He sold off everything he had, except the house."

Henry Beamish walked to his safe and fumbled there a moment, to return at last with a few slips of paper. "Here's the answer," he said quietly. "The taxes are paid until 1922."

Robert Fairchild studied the receipts carefully—futilely. They told him nothing. The lawyer stood looking down upon him; at last he laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Boy," came quickly. "I know just about what you're thinking. I've spent a few hours at the same kind of a job myself, and I've called old Henry Beamish more kinds of a fool than you can think of for not coming right out flat-footed and making Thornton tell me the whole story. But some way when I'd look into those eyes with the fire all dead and ashen within them,

and see the lines of an old man in his young face, I just couldn't do it!"

"So you can tell me nothing?"

"I'm afraid that's true—in one way. In another I'm a fund of information. Tonight you and I will go to Indianapolis and probate the will—it's simple enough; I've had it in my safe for ten years. After that, you become the owner of the Blue Poppy mine, to do with as you choose."

"But—"

"Don't ask my advice, Boy. I haven't any. Your father told me what to do if you decided to try your luck—and silver's at \$120. It means a lot of money for anybody who can produce pay ore—unless what he said about the mine pinching out was true."

Again the thrill of a new thing went through Robert Fairchild's veins, something he never had felt until twelve hours before; again the urge for strange places, new scenes, the fire of the hunt after the hidden wealth of silver-seamed hills. Robert Fairchild's life had been a plodding thing of books and accounts, of high desks which as yet had failed to stoop his shoulders, of stuffy offices which had been thwarted so far in their grip at his lung power; the long walk in the morning and the tired trudge homeward at night. But the recall had not exerted itself against an office-cramped brain, a dusty ledger-filled life that suddenly felt itself crying out for the free, open country, without hardly knowing what the term meant. Old Beamish caught the light in the eyes, the quick contraction of the hands, and smiled.

"You don't need to tell me, Son," he said slowly. "I can see the symptoms. You've got the fever—you're going back to work that mine. Perhaps," and he shrugged his shoulders, "it's just as well. But there are certain things to remember."

"Name them."

"Ohadi is thirty-eight miles from Denver. That's your goal. Out there, they'll tell you how the mine caved in, and how Thornton Fairchild, who had worked it, together with his two men, Harry Harkins, a Cornishman, and 'Sissie' Larsen, Swede, left town late one night for Cripple Creek—and that they never came back. That's the story they'll tell you. Agree with it. Tell them that Harkins, as far as you know, went back to Cornwell, and that you have heard vaguely that Larsen later followed the mining game farther out west."

"Is it the truth?"

"How do I know? It's good enough—people shouldn't ask questions. Tell nothing more than that—and be careful of your friends. There is one man to watch—if he is still alive. They call him 'Squint' Rodaine, and



"They Call Him 'Squint' Rodaine."

he may or may not still be there. I don't know—I'm only sure of the fact that your father hated him, fought him and feared him. The mine tunnel is two miles up Kentucky gulch and one hundred yards to the right. A surveyor can lead you to the very spot. It's been abandoned now for thirty years. What you'll find there is more than I can guess. But, Boy, and his hand clenched tight on Robert Fairchild's shoulder, "whatever you do, whatever you run into, whatever friends or enemies you find awaiting you, don't let that light die out of your eyes and don't pull in that chin! If you find a fight on your hands, whether it's man, beast or nature, sail into it! If you run into things that cut your very heart out to learn—beat 'em down and keep going! And win! There—that's all the advice I know. Meet me at the 11:30 train for Indianapolis. Goodbye!"

"Goodbye—I'll be there," Fairchild grasped the pudgy hand and left the office. For a moment afterward, old Henry Beamish stood thinking and looking out over the dingy roof adjacent. Then, somewhat absently, he pressed the ancient electric button for his more ancient stenographer.

"Call a messenger, please," he ordered when she entered, "I want to send a cablegram."

CHAPTER III

Three weeks later, Robert Fairchild sat in the smoking compartment of the Overland Limited, looking at the Rocky mountains in the distance. In his pocket were a few hundred dollars; in the bank in Indianapolis a few thousand, representing the final proceeds of the sale of everything that had connected him with a rather dreary past. Out before him—

Three weeks had created a metamorphosis in what had been a plodding, matter-of-fact man with dreams which did not extend beyond his ledgers and his gloomy home—but now a man leaning his head against the window of a rushing train, staring ahead toward the Rockies and the rainbow they held for him. Back to the place where his father had gone, with dreams aglow was the son traveling

now—back into the rumpled mountain where the blue haze hung low and protecting as though over mysteries and treasures which awaited one man and one alone. It thrilled Fairchild, it caused his heart to tug and pull—nor could he tell exactly why.

The hills came closer. Still closer; then, when it seemed that the train must plunge straight into them, they drew away again, as though through some optical illusion, and brooded in the background, as the long, transcontinental train began to bang over the frogs and switches as it made its entrance into Denver. Fairchild went through the long chute and to a ticket window.

"When can I get a train for Ohadi?"

The ticket seller smiled. "You can't get one."

"But the map shows that a railroad runs there—"

"Run there, you mean," chaffed the clerk. "The best you can do is to get to Forks Creek and walk the rest of the way. That's a narrow-gauge line, and Clear Creek's been on a rampage. It took out about two hundred feet of trestle, and there won't be a train into Ohadi for a week. Stranger out here?"

"Very much of one."

"In a hurry to get to Ohadi?"

"Yes."

"Then you can go uptown and hire a taxi—they've got big cars for mountain work and there are good roads all the way. It'll cost fifteen or twenty dollars. Or—"

Fairchild smiled. "Give me the other system if you've got one. I'm not terribly low on cash—for taxis."

"Certainly. No use spending that money if you've got a little pep, and it isn't a matter of life or death. Go up to the Central loop—anybody can direct you—and catch a street car for Golden. That eats up fifteen miles more. Then ask somebody to point out the road over Mount Lookout. Machines go along there every few minutes—no trouble at all to catch a ride. You'll be in Ohadi in no time."

Fairchild obeyed the instructions, and in the baggage room rechecked his trunk to follow him, lightening his traveling bag at the same time until it carried only necessities. A luncheon, then the street car. Three quarters of an hour later, he began the five-mile trudge up the broad, smooth, carefully groomed automobile highway which masters Mount Lookout. A rumbling sound behind him, then he stepped to one side; a grizzly truck driver leaned out to shout as he passed:

"Want a lift? Hop on! Can't stop—too much grade."

A running leap, and Fairchild seated himself on the tailboard of the truck, swinging his legs and looking out over the falling plains as the truck roared and clattered upward along the twisting mountain road.

Upward, still upward! The town below became merely a checkerboard thing, the lake a dot of gleaming silver, the stream a scintillating ribbon stretching off into the foothills. A turn, and they skirted a tremendous valley, its slopes falling away in sheer descents from the roadway. A darkened, moist stretch of road, fringed by pines, then a logging journey over rolling table-land. At last came a voice from the driver's seat.

"Turn off up here at Genesee mountain. Which way do you go?"

"Trying to get to Ohadi," Fairchild shouted it above the roar of the engine. The driver waved a hand forward.

"Keep to the main road. Drop off when I make the turn."

"Thanks for the lift."

"Aw, forget it."

The truck wheeled from the main road and chugged away, leaving Fairchild afoot, making as much progress as possible toward his goal until good fortune should bring a swifter means of locomotion. Suddenly he wheeled. Behind him sounded the swift droning of a motor, cut-out open, as it rushed forward along the road—and the noise told a story of speed.

Far at the brow of a steep hill it appeared, seeming to hang in space for an instant before leaping downward. Rushing, plunging, once skidding dangerously at a small curve, it made the descent, bumped over a bridge, was lost for a second in the pines, then sped toward him, a big touring car, with a small, resolute figure clinging to the wheel. Then, with a report like a revolver shot, the machine suddenly slewed in drunken fashion far to one side of the road, hung dangerously over the steep cliff an instant, righted itself, swayed forward and stopped, barely twenty-five yards away. Staring, Robert Fairchild saw that a small, trim figure had leaped forth and was waving excitedly to him, and he ran forward.

His first glance had proclaimed it a boy; the second had told a different story. A girl—dressed in far different fashion from Robert Fairchild's limited specifications of feminine garb—she caused him to gasp in surprise, then to stop and stare. Again she waved a hand and stamped a foot excitedly; a vehement little thing in a snug whiplash riding habit and a checkered cap pulled tight over closely braided hair, she awaited him with all the impatience of impetuous womanhood.

"For goodness' sake, come here!" she called, as he still stood gazing. "I'll give you five dollars. Hurry!"

Fairchild managed to voice the fact that he would be willing to help without remuneration, as he hurried forward. She dived for the tonneau, jerking with all her strength at the heavy seat cushion, as he stepped to the running board beside her.

"Can't get this dinged thing up?" she panted. "Always sticks when you're in a hurry. That's it! Jerk it. Thanks! Here!" She reached forward and a small, sun-tanned hand grasped a greasy jack. "Slide under the back axle and put this jack in place, will you? And rush it! I've got to change a tire in nothing flat! Hurry!"

Fairchild, almost before he knew it, found himself under the rear of the car, fussing with a refractory lifting

jack, and trying to keep his eyes from the view of trimly clad, brown-haired little feet, as they pattered about at the side of the car, hurried to the running board, then stopped as wrenches and a hammer clattered to the ground. Then one shoe was raised, to press tight against a wheel; metal touched metal, a feminine gasp sounded as strength was exerted in vain, then eddying dust as the foot stamped, accompanied by an exasperated ejaculation.

"Ding these old lugs! They're rusted! Got that jack in place yet?"

"Yes! I'm raising the car now."

"Oh, please hurry." There was pleading in the tone now. "Please!"

The car creaked upward. Out came Fairchild, brushing the dust from his clothes. But already the girl was pressing the log wrench into his hands.

"Don't mind that 'lirt,' came her exclamation. "I'll give you some extra money to get your suit cleaned. Loosen those lugs, while I get the spare tire off the back. And for goodness' sake, please hurry!"

Astonishment had taken away speech for Fairchild. He could only wonder—and obey, while behind him a girl in whiplash riding habit and close-pulled cap edged first on one ton-clad foot, then on the other, anxiously watching the road behind her and calling constantly for speed:

At last the job was finished; the girl fastening the useless shoe behind the machine while Fairchild tightened the last of the lugs. Then as he straightened, a small figure shot to his side, took the wrench from his hand and sent it, with the other tools, clattering into the tonneau. A tiny hand went into a pocket, something that crinkled was shoved into the man's



Staring Wonderingly at a Ten-Dollar Bill.

grasp, and while he stood there gasping, she leaped to the driver's seat, slammed the door, spun the starter until it whined, and with open cut-out roaring again; was off and away, rocking down the mountain side, around a curve and out of sight—while Fairchild merely stood there, staring wonderingly at a ten-dollar bill!

A noise from the rear, growing louder, and the amazed man turned to see a second machine, filled with men, careening toward him. Fifty feet away the brakes creaked, and the big automobile came to a skidding, dust-throwing stop. A sun-browned man in a Stetson hat, metal badge gleaming from beneath his coat, leaned forth.

"Which way did he go?"

"He?" Robert Fairchild stared.

"Yes. Didn't a man just pass here in an automobile? Where'd he go—straight on the main road or off on the circuit trail?"

"It wasn't a man. It—it was a boy, just about fifteen years old."

"Sure?"

"Oh, yes—" Fairchild was swimming in deep water now. "I got a good look at him. He—he took that road off to the left."

It was the opposite one to which the hurrying fugitive in whiplash had taken. There was doubt in the interrogator's eyes.

"Sure of that?" he queried. "I'm the sheriff of Arapahoe county. That's an auto bandit ahead of us. We—"

"Well, I wouldn't swear to it. There was another machine ahead, and I lost 'em both for a second down there by the turn."

"Probably him, all right." The voice came from the tonneau. "Maybe he figured to give us the slip and get back to Denver."

"Let's go!" The sheriff was pressing a foot on the accelerator. Down the hill went the car, to skid, then to make a short turn on to the road which led away from the scene, leaving behind a man standing in the middle of the road, staring at a ten-dollar bill—and wondering why he had led!

CHAPTER IV

Wonderment which got nowhere. The sheriff's car returned before Fairchild reached the bottom of the grade, and again stopped to survey the scene of defeat.

"Dangerous character?" Fairchild hardly knew why he asked the question. The sheriff smiled grimly.

"If it was the fellow we were after, he was plenty dangerous. We were trailing him on word from Denver—described the car and said he'd pulled a daylight hold-up on a pay-wagon for the Smelter company—so when the car went through Golden, we took up the trail a couple of blocks behind. He kept the same speed for a little while until one of my deputies got a little anxious and took a shot at a tire. Man, how he turned on the heels! I thought that thing was a jack rabbit the way it went up the hill! I pass it's us back to the office."

The automobile went its way then.

Continued on Page 3.

Newport & Providence Street Ry. Co.

Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence

WEEK DAYS—6.50, 7.40, 8.50 A.
M., then each hour to 8.50 P. M.

SUNDAYS—7.50 A. M., then each
hour to 9.50 P. M.

THE CROSS-CUT

Continued from Page 2
and Fairchild his, still wondering,
and so thoroughly did the incident en-
gross him that it was not until a truck
had come to a full stop behind him,
and a driver mingled a shout with the
tooting of his horn, that he turned to
allow its passage.

"Didn't hear you, old man," he apolo-
gized. "Could you give a fellow a
lift?"

"Guess so." It was friendly, even
though a bit disgruntled, "hop on."

And Fairchild hopped, once more to
sit on the tailboard, swinging his legs,
but this time his eyes saw the ever-
changing scenery without noticing it.
In spite of himself, Fairchild found
himself constantly staring at a vision
of a pretty girl in a riding habit, with
dark-brown hair straying about
equally dark-brown eyes, almost fren-
zied in her efforts to change a tire in
time to elude a pursuing sheriff. Some-
way, it all didn't blend. If she hadn't
committed some sort of deprecation
against the law, why on earth was she
willing to part with ten dollars, mere-
ly to save a few moments in changing
a tire and thus elude a sheriff? If
there had been nothing wrong, could
not a moment of explanation have sat-
isfied anyone of the fact?

It was too much for anyone, and
Fairchild knew it. Yet he clung grim-
ly to the mystery as the truck clat-
tered on, mile after mile. A small
town gradually was coming into view.
A mile more, then the truck stopped
with a jerk.

"Where you bound for, pardner?"

"Ohadi."

"That's it, straight ahead. I turn
off here. Miner?"

Fairchild shrugged his shoulders
and nodded noncommittally.

"Just thought I'd ask. Plenty of
work around here for single and
double jacks. Things are beginning
to look up a bit—at least in silver."

"Thanks. Do you know a good place
to stop?"

"Yeh. Mother Howard's boarding
house. Everybody goes there, sooner
or later. You'll see it on the left-hand
side of the street before you get to
the main block. Good old girl; knows
how to treat anybody in the mining
game from operators on down. She
was here when mining was mining."

Fairchild lifted his bag from the
rear of the vehicle, waved a farewell
to the driver and started into the vil-
lage. And then the vision of the girl
departed, momentarily, to give place
to other thoughts, other pictures, of a
day long gone.

The sun was slanting low, throwing
deep shadows from the hills into the
little valley with its chattering, milk-
white stream, softening the scars of
the mountains with their great refuse
dumps; reminders of hopes of twenty
years before and as bare of vegeta-
tion as in the days when the pick and
gad and drill of the prospector tore
the rock loose from its hiding place
under the surface of the ground. The
scrub pines of the almost barren
mountains took on a softer, softer
tone; the jutting rocks melted away
into their own shadows; it was a pic-
ture of peace and of memories.

And it had been here that Thornton
Fairchild, back in the nineties, had
dreamed his dreams and fought his
fight. A sudden clanking caught the
son's heart, and it pounded with some-
thing akin to fear. The old forbid-
ding of his father's letter had come
upon him, the mysterious thread of
that elusive, intangible thing great
enough to break the will and resistance
of a strong man and turn him into
a weakling—silent, white-haired—
sitting by a window, waiting for
death. What had it been? Why had
it come upon his father? How could
it be fought? He brushed away the
beady perspiration with a gesture al-
most of anger, then with a look of re-
lief, turned in at a small white gate
toward a big, rambling building which
proclaimed itself, by the sign on the
door, to be Mother Howard's boarding
house.

A moment of waiting, then he faced
a gray-haired, kindly faced woman,
who stared at him with wide-open
eyes as she stood, hands on hips, be-
fore him.

"Don't you tell me I don't know
you! If you ain't a Fairchild, I'll
never feed another miner corned beef
and cabbage as long as I live. Ain't
you, now?" she persisted, "ain't you a
Fairchild?"

The man laughed in spite of him-
self. "You guessed it."

"You're Thornton Fairchild's boy?"
She had reached out for his handbag,
and then, bustling about him, drew
him into the big "parlor." "Didn't I
know you the minute I saw you? Land,
you're the picture of your dad! Sakes
alive, how is he?"

There was a moment of silence.
Fairchild found himself suddenly halt-
ing and boyish as he stood before her.

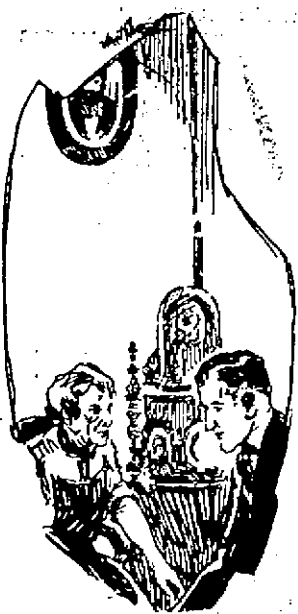
"He's—he's gone, Mrs. Howard."

"Dead?" She put up both hands.

"It don't seem possible. And me re-
membering him looking just like you,
full of life and strong and—"

"Our pictures of him are a good deal
different. I—I guess you know him
when everything was all right for him.
Things were different after he got
home again."

Mother Howard looked quickly



"He's—He's Gone, Mrs. Howard."

about her, then with a swift motion
closed the door.

"Son," she asked in a low voice,
"didn't he ever get over it?"

"It?" Fairchild felt that he stood
on the threshold of discovery. "What
do you mean?"

"Didn't he ever tell you anything,
Son?"

"No. I—"

"Well, there wasn't any need to."

But Mother Howard's sudden embar-
rassment, her change of color, told
Fairchild it wasn't the truth. "He just
had a little bad luck out here, that
was all. His—his mine pinched out
just when he'd thought he'd struck it
rich—or something like that."

"Are you sure that is the truth?"

For a second they faced each other,
Robert Fairchild serious and intent,
Mother Howard looking at him with
eyes defiant, yet compassionate. Sud-
denly they twinkled, the lips broke
from their straight line into a smile,
and a kindly old hand reached out to
take him by the arm.

"Don't you stand there and try to
tell Mother Howard she don't know
what she's talking about!" came in
tones of mock severity. "Hear me?
Now, you get up them steps and wash
up for dinner. Take the first room on
the right. It's a nice, cheery place."

In his room, Fairchild tried not to
think. His brain was becoming too
cramped with queries, with strange
happenings and with aggravating mys-
teries of the life into which his fa-
ther's death had thrown him to per-
mit clearness of vision. Even in
Mother Howard he had not been able
to escape it; she told all too plainly,
both by her actions and her words,
that she knew something of the mys-
tery of the past—and had falsified to
keep the knowledge from him.

It was too galling for thought. Robert
Fairchild hastily made his toilet,
then answered the ringing of the din-
ner bell, to be introduced to strong-
shouldered men who gathered about
the long tables; Cornishmen, who
talked in a "hess" language, ruddy-
faced Americans, and a sprinkling of
English, all of whom conversed about
things which were to Fairchild as so
much Greek—of "levels" and "stopes"
and "winzes," of "skips" and "man-
ways" and "rises," which meant noth-
ing to the man who yet must master
them all, if he were to follow his am-
bition.

Robert Fairchild spoke but seldom,
except to acknowledge the introduc-
tions as Mother Howard made him
known to each of his table mates. But
it was not aloofness; from the first,
the newcomer had liked the men
about him, liked the ruggedness,
the mingling of culture with the lack of
it, liked the enthusiasm the muscle
and brawn, liked them all—all but two.

Instinctively, from the first men-
tion of his name, he felt they were
watching him, two men, who sat far
in the rear of the big dining room,
older than the other occupants, far
less inviting in appearance. One was
small, though chunky in build, with
sandy hair and eyebrows; with weak,
filmy blue eyes over which the lids
blinked constantly. The other, black-
haired with streaks of gray, powerful
in his build, and with a walrus-like
mustache drooping over hard lips, was
the sort of antithesis naturally to be
found in the company of the smaller,
sandy complexioned man. Who they
were, what they were, Fairchild did
not know, except from the general
attributes which told that they fol-
lowed the great gamble of mining. But
one thing was certain; they watched
him throughout the meal; they talked
about him in low tones and ceased
when Mother Howard came near; they
seemed to recognize in him someone
who brought both curiosity and innate
enmity to the surface. And more;
long before the rest had finished their
meal, they rose and left the room, in-
tending, apparently, upon some important
mission.

After that, Fairchild ate with less
of a relish. In his mind was the cer-
tainty that these two men knew him—
or at least knew about him—and that
they did not relish his presence. Nor
were his suspicions long in being ful-
filled. Hardly had he reached the
hall, when the beckoning eyes of
Mother Howard signaled to him. In-
stinctively he waited for the other
diners to pass him, then looked ex-
pectantly toward Mother Howard as she
once more approached.

"I don't know what you're doing
here," came shortly, "but I want to."

Fairchild straightened. "There isn't
much to tell you," he answered quiet-
ly. "My father left me the Blue Poppy
mine in his will. I'm here to work it."

"Know anything about mining?"

"Not a thing."

"Or the people you're liable to have
to buck up against?"

"Very little."

"Then, Son," and Mother Howard
laid a kindly hand on his arm, "what-
ever you do, keep your plans to your-
self and don't talk too much. And

what's more, if you happen to get
into communication with Bladeye
Bozeman and Taylor Hill, lie your
head off. Maybe you saw 'em, a sandy-
haired fellow and a big man with a
black moustache, sitting at the back
of the room?" Fairchild nodded.
"Well, stay away from them. They
belong to 'Squint' Rodaine. Know
him?"

She shot the question sharply.
Again Fairchild nodded.

"I've heard the name. Who is he?"

A voice called to Mother Howard
from the dining room. She turned
away, then leaned close to Robert
Fairchild. "He's a miner, and he's al-
ways been a miner. Right now, he's
mixed up with some of the biggest
people in town. He's always been a
man to be afraid of—and he was your
father's worst enemy!"

Then, leaving Fairchild staring after
her, she moved on to her duties in
the kitchen.

OPPOSED CREAM IN COFFEE

Frenchman, a Century Ago, Ascribed
All Sorts of Human Ills to the
Custom.

Arsene Thiebaud de Berneaud, li-
brarian a century ago to the Biblio-
theque Mazaria, Paris, opposed with
ferocity the then comparatively new
custom of adding milk or cream to
black coffee. The latter, in the au-
thor's language, was "consoling, joy-
ful and, I had nearly said, spiritual!"
In its effects. But let ever so small a
quantity of milk or cream be added
and the result upon the human econ-
omy was most disastrous.

Since the dawn of this vicious cus-
tom pneumonia and consumption in
the cities had increased one-half and
rural communities formerly immune
were now beginning to show cases of
these ailments.

According to La Progres Medical,
which obtained the above information
from a new popular review, La Com-
munaire, de Berneaud claimed that
many eminent physicians shared his
opinion. He seems to have had an
obsession that all mixtures of fluids
were injurious, and extended his pro-
scription of milk addition to tea, choco-
late and spirits. Sustained by this pre-
conceived notion, he was able to pub-
lish a long diatribe in 1820, in which
he accuses café au lait of causing al-
most every derangement known to
medicine. But, rabid as he sounds, he
was fatuous enough to admit that per-
haps 10 per cent of the people might
be tough enough to drink café au lait
without disastrous results.—New York
World.

BUILDING UP BUFFALO HERDS

Department of Agriculture Has Had
Gratifying Success With This
Part of Its Work.

Forty-six new buffalo calves are re-
ported on three of the four game pre-
serves maintained by the biological
survey of the United States Depart-
ment of Agriculture for the special
protection of buffalo. On the national
bison range, in Montana, there are 417
buffalo, including 28 calves born this
spring. Fifteen calves are reported at
the Wind Cave preserve, in South Da-
kota, and 8 at Nebraska, Neb.

The department has been very
fortunate in maintaining the herds
established at these three points and
at Sullys Hill, North Dakota. There
are relatively few large buffalo herds
now scattered over the country, and
the biological survey has made special
efforts to provide suitable ranges and
protection for what threatened a few
years ago to become an extinct
species of native American animal.

Interesting Powder Horn Map.

A map engraved on an old powder
horn may lead to the location of the
sites of several Cherokee Indian
towns in western North Carolina, ac-
cording to the Bureau of American
Ethnology at Washington.

The powder horn is a loan from
Hugh Kirk, Newtownards, County
Down, Ireland, and dates from about
1750 when the English were beginning
to open up the Cherokee region. It
belonged to James Grant, member of
a company of British soldiers sta-
tioned near Charlestown and near
Fort London and Fort Prince George
in the Cherokee country about the
time that these forts were besieged.

The horn is elaborately engraved
with the royal arms of Great Britain
and the map showing the ancient
town of Ucassee and other towns in
the region in which the soldier saw
service.

Perpetual Motion Discredited.

It seems hardly credible, but up to
the year 1772, there was no scientist
in all Europe who knew enough to
categorically deny that there was such
a thing as perpetual motion.

It remained for Sir Isaac Newton
and the French scientist, De La Hire,
to demonstrate beyond doubt the im-
possibility of attaining it.

Quite a little time passed before
the scientific world in general was
willing to accept the Newtonian the-
ory, but finally the French Academy
of Science at Paris, in 1775, publicly
declared that perpetual motion was
an impossibility and thereby branded
all those who still insisted upon ex-
perimenting with it as charlatans.—
Pittsburgh Leader.

Disgraceful.

An Irishman on a short visit to
London for the first time happened to
pass by the houses of parliament. He
cast an interested eye at Big Ben and,
after a little consideration, accord-
ingly adjusted his watch by it.

The next day he happened to pass
by again and pulled out his watch to
see if it was correct. He looked very
bewildered when he found that his
timepiece had gained five minutes.

With a final glance, full of con-
tempt and scorn at the towering Big
Ben, he turned away, muttering to
himself: "Arrah, ye great big spal-
peen! Fancy letting a little watch
beat ye!"

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been
in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of
Dr. J. C. Fletcher
just to protect the coming
generations. Do not be deceived.
All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but
Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of
Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

Never attempt to relieve your baby with a
remedy that you would use for yourself.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric,
Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains
neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its
age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has
been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency,
Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising
therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids
the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep.
The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

NEW YORK'S HALL OF DEATH

Building Well Described as a "Place
From Which Eremites Shudder-
ing, Cries Horror."

It is a gray building nestling along
the bleak and dreary water front of
the East river at the foot of Twenty-
ninth street—a building from which
emanates shuddering, creepy horror.

Black wagons come and go, lashing
their greasy wheels, writes O. O. Mc-
Intyre in the Kansas City Star. At
night vagrant bats from nearby ware-
houses beat against the walls. And
off in the river the soft swish of a
lonely paddle or the sound of a bun-
tina's night song.

The building is the depository for
the city's unidentified dead—the
morgue. In the gloomy interior, as
forbidding as the tomb, are rows upon
rows of drawers, to each one of which
is thumb tacked a white card bear-
ing an almost illegible scrawl and
number.

Perhaps a girl of the cabarets
washed up from the ever-flowing wa-
ters. The gangster pistolled through
the skull. A woman in silks and sat-
ins with acid seared lips and all iden-
tification marks removed. The dis-
tillation from all walks of life. All
are there in the numbered drawers.

Into the waiting room, feebly light-
ed, come searchers with faces of
ghastly pallor—the aristocrat and
bourgeoisie. All hoping against hope.
Suilen, phlegmatic attendants take
them one by one into the hall of
death to gaze upon the human botsem
of a great city.

Veteran reporters, lured to the sor-
did and tragic, never go to the morgue
without an inward shudder. But they
must go, for the morgue is the first
step in unravelling many of New
York's murder mysteries. And many
times the steps lead to the grilles
doors of Fifth avenue's most palatial
mansions.

Physician Uses Airplane.

A doctor in Syria, to keep in touch
with his patients among the wandering
Bedouin tribes, uses an airplane. From
his headquarters in Palmyra he flies
over the desert, alighting wherever he
finds a tribe encamped. His fame as
a physician has already spread far in-
to the desert, and whenever his plane
lands Bedouin patients flock to con-
sult him. Although his practice cov-
ers a wide area and his nomad pa-
tients are constantly on the move,
his task is comparatively easy. The
clear air of the desert makes it pos-
sible for him to see encampments at
a great distance. Doctor Martinet has
already flown to and treated over 100
serious cases and many minor ones.

Leather-Softening Machine.

Working leather by the various pro-
cesses known as graining, boarding
and staking, ordinarily a laborious
manual operation, is now accom-
plished by mechanical means with a
machine designed by a Massachusetts
inventor, reports Popular Mechanics
Magazine. Two broad belts, running
on rollers, are so mounted that faces
traveling in opposite directions are
arranged one above the other, a short
distance apart. The hide to be soft-
ened is laid on a metal plate and in-
serted between the belt faces, the upper
half then being pressed down by a
lever.

Radio in Indo-China.

Indo-China is covered with a com-
plete radio telegraphic system, com-
prising 15 stations equipped with the
best high-powered apparatus. The
country receives every night from the
Bordeaux station in France full mar-
ket and financial reports and the news
of the day.

Girl's Long Hike.

The Panama canal zone women's
walking championship is held by a
twelve-year-old girl—Alma Mann—
who walked through the canal zone
from ocean to ocean, a distance of
approximately 60 miles, in 18 hours
and 28 minutes.

Special Bargains

Fall and Winter Woolens.

Comprising the best goods and styles to be
found in foreign or domestic fabrics at 4
per cent. less than our regular prices. This
we do in order to make room for our
Spring and Summer styles, which we will
receive about Feb. 25. We guarantee the
make-up of our goods to be the best and
to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

184 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.

CAN NOT ESCAPE

No Chance for Murderer Who
Uses Poison.

Science Has Made That Form of Kill-
ing a Lost Art, Unlike the
Days of Old.

Ever since medieval times a silent
but none the less determined war has
been going on between the subtle art
of poisoning and the more subtle art
of discovering and locating poisons in
the human body.

In the old days fortunes awaited
those who could prepare some concoction
that would remove people from
this world without leaving traces of
how it was done. Poisoning, as un-
derstood by a Catherine de Medici, was
a grand art. Today it is a lost art,
for science has practically won the
long fight and is now able to discover
and classify every known poison even
months after the victim has suc-
cumbed to its effects.

Within the last generation almost
every kind of poison has come within
the scope of the ever-increasing expe-
rience of medico-legal experts who
have been called to give evidence in im-
portant cases—from the hyscramine
of the Crippen case to the arsenical
flypaper of the Seddon affair.

Arsenic, nitalium, prussic acid, car-
bolic acid, oxalic acid, mercury, bella-
donna, opium, heroin, morphine, calabar
bean, croton seed, nitric acid, pyridine
that most deadly poison found in mi-
nute quantities in dirty tobacco pipes
—all have been traced, tabulated and
classified by the patient, emotionless de-
fective, Science.

So highly has the work of scientific
detection been developed that the pre-
sence of arsenic may be discovered even
years after it has been taken. No more
delicate tests in chemistry, and at the
same time no more infallible ones, can
be used than the tests for arsenic and
antimony. In the former poison the
tests are so severe that one part in
sixty millions can be revealed.

It is to the Borgia that one must
go to hear about the incredibly subtle
poisons which could not be detected,
but the light of modern science proves
that much which is credited to that
family's knowledge of the art of poi-
soning was really impossible of ac-
complishment unless we concede—
which is just possible—that they knew
more about toxicology than do modern
envenoms.

There was one particular poison
which the Borgias are credited with
using which has remained a secret. It
was tasteless, could kill the victim
quickly or leisurely, as the poisoner
willed, and it left no trace discernible
to the chemists of that time.

The lists of nobles and dignitaries
of the church who died by this subtle
means is believed to be formidable. It
was used in two ways, powder and
liquid, and its method of manufacture
was related by an obscure scientist of
the period.

The powder form of the poison was
white like flour, with a taste like
sugar. It was called Contarella. Its
composition was never known, but the
liquid was prepared in the following way:

A wild boar was caught, and to it
was administered a strong dose of ar-
senic. As soon as the poison began
to take effect the boar was hung up
by the heels. Convulsions came on,
and a froth, which ran from its jaws,
was collected in a silver dish and
then was transferred to a bottle which,
after some Contarella was added, was
hermetically sealed. This was kept
for a certain time and the result was
the notorious poison.

Certain it is that no poison known
today is secret. Chemistry and science
can provide the means of detection,
and can often supply the antidote.—
Overseas Daily Mail.

Important to Know.

A fire had broken out in a factory
in the country, and a young village
constable was sent to make inquiries.

After questioning the manager he
agreed to see the man who was re-
sponsible for the electric lights. The
manager stated that the electric
switches were under his control.

Policeman—Then you are the man
who lights up the electric affair?

Manager—That is so.

Policeman (excitedly)—Now, be
careful how you answer my next
question, 'cos if it ain't satisfactory it
will be used against you as evidence.

When you lighted the electric light
last night where did you throw the
match?

Priceless Painting in Old Chest.

An altar piece the center panel of
which is alleged to have been painted
by Leonardo da Vinci and the side
panels by Michelangelo has been dis-
covered in a chest at the Hungarian
castle of Paga, belonging to the late
Count Maurice Esterhazy's estate.

Experts are divided as to the au-
thenticity of the painting. If the pre-
sent owner of the castle, Count Thomas
Esterhazy, has his claims sustained
the altar piece will be the only known
example of the combined work of
these two famous painters. It will be
worth a fabulous amount which ex-
perts hesitate to name.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Established 1818
The Mercury.
Newport, R. I.
PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.
Office Telephone 181
Home Telephone 1010
Saturday, July 29, 1922

There would seem to have been rain enough to last for the rest of the summer, even if the weather magistrate should forget to send any more for a few days. This certainly has been a moist summer.

President Harding has been adopted by the Indians and is to become a member of the Flathead Indian Tribe of Montana; and what is more he is to have a mountain peak on the Flathead Indian reservation named Mount Harding, a high up honor.

Since the strike was declared on the railroads more than 300,000 miles of train service throughout the country have been discontinued. The business of the country has been hampered. How long must the people of the country suffer for the benefit of the few?

The tax rate of the city of Worcester is a little worse than that of Newport. It is \$27.20 on a thousand while ours is \$20. Still it is the valuation placed on the property that counts. In Newport much property is valued by the assessors for considerable more than it brings when sold.

A prominent physician in Pawtucket thinks the laws were not made to be enforced. Probably, in his opinion they were made to look well on the statute books. Nevertheless he had to pay a fine the other day for running by a standing trolley car. If he had been in Newport he would have been much more astonished at such a procedure on the part of the authorities. For here less than one person in a hundred gets hauled up for such an offence.

They have a primary law in Texas all their own. If more than two candidates are in the field for any office the two highest must fight it out again between themselves. They have just had a primary for nomination of U. S. Senator, Senator Culberson, a Democratic leader in the National Senate, came in third. The other two, one an ex-Governor, must go all through the fight again between themselves, to determine which shall represent the party at the polls in November.

It begins to look as though the Democrats of New York would have to take Hearst as their candidate for Governor whether the great body of the party want him or not. His manager, William J. Connors of Buffalo, claims to have corralled the up-state Democrats, and now it rests with Murphy, the Tammany chief, to throw New York City for him, and that will settle it. It makes little difference what the rank and file may want, it is what Tammany wants that tells the story.

For passing an electric car while stopped to discharge passengers on Broadway, a man was fined \$5 and costs this morning.—Daily News.
Why punish this one man when by actual count more than one hundred others on that same day violated the state law by going at full speed past standing cars on Broadway? From observation extending over many weeks it is evident that the great majority of automobilists pay little or no regard to the law. As a result of this almost universal disregard of a very useful law there will be a terrible accident some day.

The Providence Journal's numerous articles on the condition of affairs in Bristol have stirred the natives of that ancient town to a fighting pitch. Some of the denizens of that burg have reached that point of indignation where they are ready to rise en masse and visit vengeance on the author of the articles; others are not so sure but what there may be more truth than fiction in the articles. Others say, "Yes, they are all true, but there was no call of telling it to the world." Perhaps, however, good may come from it. No medicine is good to take, but it sometimes cures the patient.

From now on to November 7 Massachusetts will be the hot bed of political activity. Over 50,000 nomination papers have already been put in circulation for state officers and congressmen, and many more are to follow. The numerous candidates and their more numerous friends are scouring the state from the borders to the ocean for signatures. There is hardly an office to be filled that does not have at least half a dozen aspirants. The U. S. Senatorship and the Governorship are to be the fighting centers, both for nomination and on election day. The state wide primary system keeps the state in a political ferment all the time. Probably nine-tenths of the people of that state would rejoice at the repeal of that law, but no one seems to dare to take the initiative for fear the other fellow would make political capital out of it.

A CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION NOT WANTED

Ex-Governor Garvin has dropped his single tax shouting for the moment and is calling loudly for a constitutional convention. He will get one about as soon as the other, and neither this year. The people of the state do not want a constitutional convention, at least none want it except the professional agitators like the Ex-Gov. and some others who expect to gain some personal advantage out of it. There is a constitutional way of amending the constitution, and when it needs amending that way can be used. To most of us it seems to be a pretty good constitution as it is. It has been amended from time to time as the changed condition of affairs required. Most states that have had experience with constitutional conventions, do not care for any more experience along that line. The ex-Governor wants a senate made according to the population in the cities and towns, and argues that if West Greenwich is to have one senator then Providence should have 650 senators. Which is about as sensible as most of his line of argument. If the United States Senate was made up on that line, where would Rhode Island be? Instead of having the same representation as any other state she would have one senator to fifty in New York, and with all the other large states in like proportion. The result would be that Rhode Island and the other small states would be simply ciphers in the government of the nation. The makers of our national and state constitutions were wise men and they builded well. If it is good for the nation to have the power scattered throughout the land it is equally good for the state. Everybody except a few perpetual agitators are satisfied with our present constitution, and when changes are needed they can be made in the way provided by law.

According to the New York Times the twelve greatest living Americans are:

- Thomas A. Edison,
- Charles W. Eliot,
- Henry Ford,
- Herbert Hoover,
- Charles Evans Hughes,
- John D. Rockefeller,
- John Root,
- John S. Sargent,
- William Howard Taft,
- Booth Tarkenton,
- Woodrow Wilson.

At least this list is one having the most recommendations behind it. The paper sent out requests for opinions on the subject from many people of prominence all over the country. Many names were recommended, but the above drew the first prize. President Harding, General Goethals, Admiral Sims, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Senator Lodge, William Jennings Bryan and Billy Sunday come in for honorable mention.

Rhode Island consoles herself with the assurance that she will still have her coal long after the fields beyond the Hudson have picked out their last vein.—Boston Herald.

There is no doubt about that statement. Rhode Island will always have her coal, because nobody can burn it if dug out of the deep holes in which it was placed by the Creator. It is an old story but hits the case well, that when coal was first discovered in Rhode Island a sample was sent to a noted scientist for examination, and his reply was, that when the final conflagration came, and the world destroyed by molten heat, he would move to Rhode Island and settle over that coal mine, as that would be the last place that would burn.

The big Cuban sugar crop is being fast brought to this country. Up to date 2,655,200 tons of raw sugar have come to 1,489,130 tons during the same period last year. This would indicate that the consumer ought to have his sweetening at an easy figure this year. Sugar for many months past has been the cheapest article on the market. The total meltings at the refineries in this country up to July first was 3,066,571 tons as compared with 1,926,637 tons during the same period last year. However, it is not all gain to the consumer. The Department of Agriculture reports a shortage in the domestic beet sugar crop of more than 35 per cent.

A Boston paper says this is one of the worst mosquito years in the history of New England. The pests swarm everywhere. At home, we are forbidden the use of our own piazzas. And thousands of mothers are driven frantic in efforts to protect their babies.

Better come to Newport where there is no trouble from mosquitoes. To be sure, there are some of the pests in the low lands on the outskirts of the city, but there are few in the city proper. Successful efforts are being put forth to rid the entire island of the annoyance.

Providence and the northern part of the state were visited with a terrific thunder storm last Sunday night which flooded the city, put the trolley cars out of service, disabled the telephone service, made many of the streets impassable, and raised havoc generally. The damage caused by the storm amounted to hundreds of thousands of dollars. Newport had a slight rain and considerable thunder was heard at a distance, but no damage was done.

GOMPERS, LEWIS, JEWELL—CZARS

(Boston Herald)

The people of this country are in danger of starvation. The industries of this country are in danger of stagnation because the railroads are unable to transport coal from non-union mines in West Virginia and Kentucky; because the United Mine Workers, a labor monopoly, will not produce coal in the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania and will let no one else produce the coal; because the same labor monopoly in Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, aided by statutes which it has caused to be made upon the statute books, will neither mine coal nor let others mine coal. President Lewis of the United Mine Workers notifies the Governor of Michigan that even if the State should take over the mines the state can produce no coal until Lewis permits. Government ownership means Lewis dictatorship.

Suppose the presidents of the railroads, the Chesapeake & Ohio, the Norfolk & Western, especially, and the presidents of coal mines had done and were doing what Gompers, Lewis, Jewell and others have done and are doing; had said and were saying what Gompers, Lewis and Jewell have said and are saying; had stopped and were stopping coal production and transportation as Gompers, Lewis and Jewell and others have stopped and are stopping coal production and transportation. Would the railroad presidents and the coal presidents be allowed to go scot free, or would injunctions be issued against them? Would grand juries be in session to present indictments against them?

Grand juries investigate violations of the Volstead act; the time has come when grand juries should be in session investigating whether Gompers, Lewis, Jewell and others have conspired and are conspiring to restrain interstate commerce, there is no doubt of that fact. Thirty thousand cars loaded in one non-union coal yard last month, less than 10,000 cars at the present rate this month. Somebody is to blame. Grand juries by investigation can find out who is to blame; who is conspiring to cause this restraint of trade. Instead of debating with labor leaders whether they will let coal be produced, let engines and cars be repaired and let trains be run, these men should be treated like other men. "Upon what meat do these our Caesars (czars) feed that they have grown so great?"

IMPORTANT EVENTS IN AUGUST

- 1640, August 20. First public school in America established in Newport.
- 1654, August 31. The union of the four towns in Rhode Island effected.
- 1676, August 12. King Philip killed near Mt. Hope.
- 1746, August 16. Freehold qualifications changed to 400 pounds, or 20 pounds per annum.
- 1778, August 29. Battle of Rhode Island, which the historian, Bancroft, calls the best fought battle of the Revolution.
- 1824, August 23. General Lafayette visits this state, and views the places where he aided Washington, in the days of the Revolution.
- 1814, August 28. Delegates elected to the "Peoples Convention."
- 1920, August 26. Ratification of nineteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States, extending suffrage to women, promulgated.

Reports have reached Newport of the landing of a large shipment of liquor on the east shore of the Island.

Jazz Records and Song Hits

- A2880—\$1.00
Fi Fo Fun—One Step
Dancing Honeycomb—Fox Trot
- A2579—\$1.00
Just Another Kiss—W
Ah There—Fox Trot
- A2883—\$1.00
Mohammed—Fox Trot
Afghanistan—Fox Trot
- A2895—\$1.00
Bo-La-Ba—Fox Trot
Venetian Moon—Fox Trot
- A2893—\$1.00
Kid from Madrid—Al Jolson
C-U-B-A—Kaufman

We ship Records all over the country.

PLUMMER'S MUSIC STORE
NEWPORT, R. I.

Weekly Calendar JULY 1922

STANDARD TIME.									
	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	Moon sets	High Water				
31 Sun	1 33	7 50	10 17	11 29					
31 Sun	1 34	7 08	10 51						
31 Mon	1 35	7 27	10 31	0 53					
1 Tues	1 36	7 06	m'n	1 55					
2 Wed	1 37	7 08	9 12	2 33					
3 Thurs	1 38	7 11	1 02	3 33					
4 Fri	1 39	7 14	1 51	4 48					
Full quarter, July 1, 5.53 evening									
First moon, July 8, 1.63 evening									
Last quarter, July 17, 7.12 morning									
New moon, July 24, 0.43 morning									
Last quarter, July 30, 11.23 evening									

RYAN FAILURE OF 32 MILLION

Crash of Wall Street Plunger's
Schemes Expected for 18
Months.

FREE ASSETS \$644,000

Hope Seen for Unsecured Creditors in
the Shifting Value of Collateral;
No Aid Came From Father,
Thomas Fortune Ryan.

New York.—Allan A. Ryan, once master reader of the ticker tape, has paid the penalty, his intimates said, for mistakes in judgment regarding the stock market. His filing of a voluntary petition in bankruptcy and the appointment of a receiver are echoes of the collapse of security prices in 1920, which followed soon after Mr. Ryan had been expelled from membership in the New York Stock Exchange after his tilt with the governors resulting from the corner he engineered in the shares of the Stutz Motors Company.

By more than eighteen months the large banks and trust companies of Wall Street, which are the principal creditors of Mr. Ryan, whose liabilities reach \$32,135,477, anticipated the bankruptcy action and sought to protect their loans by taking over large blocks of securities and holding them in trust. At the time of the arrangement in November, 1920, it was intimated that if more is eventually realized from the sale of the collateral than is necessary to effect the enormous bank loans incurred for financing the speculative imagination of this giant trader, the difference was to have gone to the credit of Mr. Ryan, but will now go to the creditors of the bankrupt estate. However, figures made public in the petition left little hope of a surplus after the bank loans have been met.

Speaking for the banks, George L. Burr, vice-president of the Guaranty Trust Company, issued the following statement:

"This action of Mr. Allan A. Ryan has been anticipated and provided against by the Guaranty Trust Company. Our interests in the situation result from loans made upon collateral to Allan A. Ryan & Co., on our own account and in our capacity as trustees for others. The collateral has been in process of liquidation for some time, and will be in no way affected by the bankruptcy proceedings."

Efforts to get more specific information as to the relation of present worth of the collateral, compared with the amount of the loans, proved futile, as none of the interested groups would reveal more than the court records.

The son of Thomas Fortune Ryan, copper potentate and leading figure in the tobacco and banking world, who is believed to have been estranged from his millionaire father for several years, has finally sought to disentangle himself from the muddle of speculations of the post-armistice boom and collapse by voluntarily turning his assets over to a receiver appointed by the court.

In answer to a petition filed by David Hunter Miller, of the firm of Parker, Marshall, Miller & Auchincloss, of 61 Broadway, on behalf of William Edward Coffin, a creditor with a substantial claim, Judge A. N. Hand appointed Colonel Francis G. Caffey, former United States attorney, as temporary receiver, with a bond of \$5,000, and also designated Parker, Marshall, Miller & Auchincloss as attorneys for the receiver. The bond was small, it was pointed out, because most of the assets were already hypothecated.

The financial community accepted the news of the bankruptcy of the millionaire trader calmly just before the market closed. For two years Mr. Ryan, because of the losses sustained and because of his falling out with authorities of the Stock Exchange, has been a smaller factor in the speculative marts than in the period preceding. Through his operations in Stutz as a result of the corner in which the market worth of the shares climbed from 100 1/2 to 72 1/2 a share, Mr. Ryan, who until recently was Deputy Police Commissioner of New York and personal friend of Commissioner Enright, increased his reputation as a speculator from currency in all brokerage offices to a household word throughout the nation.

In filing a voluntary petition in bankruptcy in the United States District Court, Mr. Ryan was writing into the official record pages of his Wall Street career, which already had become generally known, in an informal, unofficial way. With the rising tendency of security prices in the last eleven months some were inclined to believe that the trend in quotations would automatically restore Mr. Ryan to a stronger financial condition.

More than 100 creditors who do not hold securities are listed. Mr. Ryan has put down everything, including suits owed for jewelry.

HEAVY TAX ON ARSENIC

Tariff Bill Enables Guggenheims to Collect Toll, Senator Smith Avers.

Washington.—The Guggenheims, through the smelter trust, have been empowered by the pending tariff bill to collect a toll of \$18,000,000 from the American farmers, according to the charges made by Senator Smith, Democrat, of South Carolina. This sum will be realized, he said, from a tax of 2 cents a pound on white arsenic heretofore on the free list. Arsenic is used largely in spraying.

A party of 12 Japanese students selected from the Imperial University in Tokyo and from other Japanese universities, will visit New Haven on Aug. 18 and 19, in the course of a tour of the United States. The tour is being conducted under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. of Tokyo, in the interests of international goodwill.

LEO SOWERBY

Attained Coveted Prize
Through Unusual Talent



Leo Sowerby, a young Chicago composer, has won special distinction by being awarded the prix de Rome, which is a prize offered each year to one American composer displaying unusual talent, and consists of a scholarship of two years of study in Rome with all expenses paid. Mr. Sowerby was a student at the American Conservatory of Music for a number of years.

PRESIDENT PLEDGES A COAL COMMISSION

Failure of Miners to Return to
Work Will Cause Appointment
of Body by Harding.

Washington.—The appointment of a Federal commission to arbitrate the issues of the coal strike was forecast when telegraphic correspondence between President Harding and Governor Sprout of Pennsylvania was made public at the White House.

The President intimated that such a commission would be composed solely of representatives of the American public and would be vested with extensive authority. The original commission proposed by the President would have been composed of three representatives of the operators, three of the miners and five representing the public.

Action will be taken by the President, it is understood, if it develops that the operators are unable to resume production. The indications up to this time have been that the miners would hold firm, and that without Federal intervention production on a basis sufficient to prevent a severe coal famine next winter would be impossible.

"It has seemed to me," said the President in his message to Governor Sprout, "that the time to appraise the situation, the opportunity to measure the unquestioned fairness of the proposal and sense the obligations involved, and a period in which to resume production, would either avoid drastic steps on the one hand or clearly justify them on the other. The commission will come in due time. There is an authority above all workers and operators."

WORLD'S NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

DETROIT, Mich.—The Detroit News has purchased the property of the Detroit Journal at a reported consideration of \$750,000.

NEW YORK.—The United States Shipping Board is ready to take care of the importation of two million tons of coal a month, according to Chairman Albert G. Lasker.

SEA GIRT, N. J.—Sale of beer and light wines by grocery stores will be one of the planks in Governor Edwards' platform in his campaign for United States senator, he announced at his second "Governor's Day" at Camp Edwards.

NEW YORK.—Executives of forty Eastern railways agreed to fight the striking shopmen to a finish. It was announced at the close of their monthly meeting at the Bankers' Club.

SPRINGFIELD.—Acting Governor Sterling of Illinois promised troops to guard the mines but expressed doubt whether men could be obtained to operate the pits.

TOPEKA.—Gov. Henry J. Allen authorized the arrest of William Allen White of the Emporia Gazette, for alleged violations of the anti-picketing provision of the Kansas Industrial Court.

PARIS.—French occupation of German territory will not end until the German war guilty are tried in the courts of France and, if convicted, delivered up to the government, Premier Poincaré told the League of Nations.

BUFFALO.—Buffalo's principal streets present the appearance of armed warfare as the International Railway Company, fighting the city's most serious strike, prepared to run its street cars manned by police.

DUBLIN.—Back of Irish republican revolt believed broken when rebels evaguate Clonmel.

Eighty-one thousand dollars in cash prizes, a record for eastern exhibitions is offered to exhibitors at this year's Eastern States exposition which takes place at Springfield, Mass., Sept. 17-23 inclusive, according to the premium list for the all weather and all purpose show issued from the exposition offices.

JAMES EADS HOW

Invited the President
to Attend Hobo Meet



James Eads How, president of the hobos' association, who called on President Harding recently and invited him to attend the association convention in Buffalo, N. Y. The organization is known as the International Brotherhood Welfare Association, with headquarters in Cincinnati, O. Mr. How is called the "millionaire hobo."

GERMANY AGREES TO SUPERVISION

This Includes Budget, Foreign
Trade, Recovery of Evaded
Capital, State Statistics.

Paris.—It is now certain that some sort of moratorium on reparations payments will be granted to Germany. The duration of this moratorium and the terms Germany will be asked to accept in return for it will be determined by the Reparation Commission and then reviewed by the allied governments.

It is the idea of the French government that if Germany is aided by an easing up on the part of the allies, Germany should be induced or obliged to make use of the improved situation to put her fiscal affairs in order in a way to assure the resumption of reparation payments on a sure basis.

The Committee on Guarantees, which has been for some weeks in Berlin working out a method for allied supervision of German public finances, returned to Paris and informed the Reparation Commission that the German Government had agreed to its projects looking to supervision of the German budget, also supervision of exportations and importations, the recovery of evaded capital and the publication of reliable German government statistics.

The committee is now engaged in drafting a full report for the Reparation Commission, and when it goes formally before the commission it will be accompanied by a letter from Chancellor Wirth stating agreement of the German government with the plans there outlined.

It is believed the Commission on Reparations will decide that if Germany accepts allied supervision relief from the monthly reparation payments in the immediate future should be granted her.

LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

Major Rowan, who carried "a message to Garcia" twenty-four years ago, gets Distinguished Service Cross.

Chile and Peru sign agreement to submit Tacna-Arica dispute to Harding for arbitration. President Harding agreed to act as arbitrator.

Harding, directing efforts to settle rail and coal strike, summons Labor Board chairman to Washington and plans to impose compulsory arbitration on miners unless they go back to work; will set up coal commission to adjust disputes and another body to ration fuel.

Lodge joins Republican revolt against high tariff rates proposed by Senate Finance Committee and helps defeat proposal to put 119 per cent duty on cotton gloves.

Underwood proposes creation of enemy property claims commission to pay American claims against Germany, including those arising from Lufitania outrage.

Senator Ransdell (La.), Democrat, charges opposition on part of Great Britain to ship subsidy bill and asserts that a vote against the bill is a vote to aid Britain and injure United States.

Secretary of War Weeks, speaking for the administration, said that the government would not prevent pump and maintenance men from striking. Should the mines be flooded, it was said, it would be many months before coal could be mined again.

Governors of most coal-producing states respond favorably to Harding's request for mine protection to insure fuel supply; miners' union hints that 10,000 pumpmen will quit. Democrats charge Republicans with filibustering to delay tariff bill; Senator Gooding urges passage to avoid unemployment.

Prof. Edward Sylvester Morse of Salem, Mass., eminent zoologist and authority on Japan and the Japanese people, their habits, customs and arts, who in 1898 was decorated by the Japanese government with the Order of the Rising Sun, has just received another signal honor from the Imperial Japanese government.

CHAOS RULES AMERICAN HOMES

Without Religion, Nation Will Decay
and Finally Perish, Episcopal
Church Report Asserts.

PRELATES ISSUE WARNING

"Marriage Mere Legal Concubinage,"
and Youth Allowed to Run Wild.
Uniform Laws Urged—Lack
of Religion Cited.

New York.—"The church must take note of these facts in some way other than merely personal exhortation," declares a report on the average American home and family life which is made public here by the National Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The report will be presented formally in September at the forty-seventh triennial convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Portland, Ore.

It speaks of American home life as "in a state of chaos—the broken discordant home life of the American people—the frightful dissolution of the marriage tie going on in America and its inevitable consequence race suicide, increasing throngs in the divorce courts, weeping women, unhappy men, children orphaned, not by God's will, but by the selfishness of parents."

Speaking further of marriage, the report says: "Prostitution as it is in the United States to a mere means for physical union—a legalized form of concubinage—it will produce the result of increasing sterility as it has always done in the past."

The report deprecates the destructive effect of industrial development on the ideal of the family, the impairment of the social and moral standard of Christian living and the loss of sufficient leisure for mental, moral and spiritual culture, due to "speeding up" of the industrial pace.

It recommends that "the criminal feeble-minded and morally vicious ought to be prevented from propagating their kind," and recommends also "an insistence upon health certificates as an antecedent to marriage."

"No small part of the problem of the family," according to the report, "depends upon the enactment of a national law providing for uniform marriage and divorce throughout the United States. A bill is now before Congress, which is seriously recommended to the convention."

The commission also "heartily indorses the warning uttered by the great Lambeth Conference of Bishops in London in 1920 against the practice of means for avoiding conception as involving grave dangers to physical health as well as to moral innocence and threatening the future of the human race."

"We touch the root of the family problem when we point to the lack of religion in the home. Sunday is a day for extra sleeping, motorizing, Sunday papers in many volumes, comic supplements. When the mother, lying in bed half buried under the Sunday paper, calls to little Willie to drop the colored supplement to go to Sunday school, or father, on his back under the automobile getting ready for the day's outing orders Jack and Lucy to be gone, these poor wails will wander off to church along with the dim thought that when they are grown up they also will do as they please."

"Fathers and mothers are abdicating their highest privilege when they leave to Sunday school teachers or more likely to servants, school mates or the child's own heart, the teaching of morals and religion."

"The first seven years of the child's life are a mother's unrivaled opportunity. No power on earth can equal the influence of a spiritually-minded mother. Then, when the critical age of adolescence comes, the father will have his day and reveal his quality. The boy is no longer like plastic clay in the hands of a mother's love and experience, but being of new mysterious passions looking eagerly for his own place in life. Then especially he needs the strong hand of the parents who believe that forming his boy character is a man's job."

"This nation will decay and finally perish when American homes cease to revere God. Advanced culture did not save past civilizations."

Beatrice Charette, 15, is dead in the hospital in Westbrook, Me., after having been accidentally shot by her young brother, Leo, 13, with a 22 calibre revolver which the boy found in the coat pocket of his brother. The shooting was accidental.



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Daily use of Cuticura Soap, with touches of Cuticura Ointment now and then, keeps the skin fresh, smooth and clear. Cuticura Talcum is also ideal for the skin.

The Savings Bank of Newport

Newport, R. I.

Dividend No. 203

The trustees of this institution have declared a semi-annual dividend on all sums by the rules entitled thereto payable Saturday, July 15, 1922, at the rate of 4 1/2 per annum.

G. P. TAYLOR,
Treas.

GO FORWARD

with a will and determine to accomplish something worth while. You can do it by making regular deposits with the Industrial Trust Co. Now is the time to open an account.

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All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

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INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

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All Goods
are Pure
Absolutely

IT HAPPENED IN NEW ENGLAND News of General Interest From the Six States

All Maine motor trucks entering Massachusetts from now on must be registered under the laws of this state and the drivers will be required to obtain an operator's license.

The Rev. Dudley Tyng, Episcopal rector in Milford, Mass., is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Congress in the Fourth Massachusetts district. He is a member of the American Legion.

The State Prohibition Enforcement bill regardless of the absence of the near-beer amendment is a law as it now stands upon the statute books of Rhode Island and is now in force. Judge Gorham ruled in District Court.

The number of the Maine registration plate on the automobile of Edwin A. Winslow of Westbrook was the only means of identification by which his brother, Charles E. Winslow of Tacoma, Wash., recognized the Westbrook man when they met at Union station, Portland, a few days ago, as the brothers had not seen each other in over 40 years.

Miss Helen Dexter, a teacher of drawing in the Lewiston, Me., public schools, has resigned to take a similar position at Newport, R. I. Announcement has been made that the opening and closing of Lewiston schools for the coming school year, has been set ahead one week. School under the new calendar will open Sept. 11 and close June 22, with the usual vacations.

Massachusetts had the lowest death rate ever recorded in its history during the year 1921, according to the annual report of the state department of vital statistics. The rate was 24.5 per thousand. The lowest infant mortality rate, that of 75.9 per thousand live births, was also experienced during the same period. Alcoholism caused 97 deaths, an increase of 33 over those in 1920, corresponding to 2.5 per 100,000 population in 1919 there were 65 deaths from this cause; in 1918, 111; in 1917, 219; in 1916, 212; and in 1915, 156.

Alleen Gregory, pretty 16-year-old daughter of the superintendent of the Ritter estate, one of the show places of Manchester, Vt., killed herself at the roadside almost within sight of her father's house. From all evidence discovered the girl shot herself through the heart with one of her father's revolvers and died instantly.

The carillon in the Church of Our Lady of Good Voyage, Gloucester, Mass., played for the first time on the afternoon of Sunday July 23. This is the first and only carillon in the United States, and consists of 25 bells, including two full chromatic octaves, which will allow playing of a wide variety of melodies with harmonic accompaniments.

Although six months ago Boston rated seventh in the list of American ports, it has since then displaced Philadelphia in Tonnage and value of import and export business. Shipping is increasing so rapidly, that it is believed it will shortly be second only to New York.

The Boston and Maine railroad has received Interstate Commerce Commission authority to assume liability for payment of principal and interest of \$1,815,000 in equipment trust certificates. The securities will be sold to finance purchases of new locomotives and cars for the railroad.

STEEL COMBINES LEGAL
Federal Commission Still Has to Pass on Action.

Washington.—Neither the proposed merger of the Bethlehem and Lackawanna steel companies nor the one pending to link the Midvale Republic and Inland companies will constitute a violation of the anti-trust laws, Attorney General Daugherty held in an opinion sent to the senate in response to a resolution passed by that body. The Federal Commission still has to pass on the matter.

600 MINERS ORDERED OUT.
Fuel for Hospitals, Ice Plants and Public Utilities Cut Off.

Muskogee, Okla.—Six hundred coal miners in Oklahoma, Arkansas and Texas, who have been permitted to work since the national coal miners began April 1, were ordered out on strike by John Wilkinson, president of District 21. These men have been working at mines engaged in supplying hospitals, ice companies and public utilities with fuel in the three states which comprise the district.

CONDENSED CLASSICS

RAMONA

By HELEN HUNT JACKSON

Condensation by
Mary Brooks, Gloucester, Mass.

Helen Hunt Jackson was born at Amherst, Mass., Oct. 18, 1830. She was the daughter of Professor N. W. Jackson. She was twice married. First to Major Edward H. Hunt of the United States army, who died in 1853. She was a widow living in New York when she met and married W. S. Jackson, a banker of Colorado Springs. She was a person of great industry and success. She wrote many books, including "Ramona," "The Century of Dishonor," and "The Story of the Olden Days." She died Aug. 12, 1895, in San Francisco. She possessed the affectionate regard of many readers.

"RAMONA! The blessed child!" Father Salvaderra, hearing his journey's end, cried with joy. Through the golden mist that overhung his path a dark-haired maiden came swiftly to meet him. At sight of Ramona's angelic face the aged Franciscan forgot his weariness, almost forgot his burden of grief over his beloved missions, despoiled and crumbling. A silent blessing, and he followed her contentedly to the Moreno ranch, where sheep-shearing had been delayed until his visit, that he might confess the shearing band.

Before Mexico's surrender of California, General Moreno's estates were lovely indeed; now huge portions had been lopped away by the United States land commission, and the general's widow, bereaved of her losses by denouncing all Americans as "bandits." A marvelous manager, the Senora Moreno, whom her handsome, gentle son Felipe obeyed in everything and knew it not. Yet she never suspected that Felipe's affection for Ramona could be more than brotherly; she had never loved the girl. For Ramona was not of Moreno blood. Her father was a tempestuous Scotchman, who, cruelly flung by the senora's sister, married an Indian woman. To his old love, childless and unhappy, he gave his beautiful blue-eyed baby to rear as her own. At Senora Ortega's death the child came as a legacy to Senora Moreno, but at nineteen, Ramona still waited to learn the mystery of her parentage. The stern, silent senora would not tell.

The Indian sheep-shearers arrived at sunset, just as Ramona hurried to the brook to wash an altar-cloth. Her face aglow, she bent over the stones, all unconscious that Alessandro, captain of the shearing band, beholding her, stood spellbound.

When Father Salvaderra led the household sunrise hymn next morning, a new rich baritone voice thrilled Ramona strangely.

"I never heard anything like it," she told Felipe.

"That is Alessandro, old Pablo's son—a splendid fellow. He plays the viola beautifully, the old San Luis Rey music. His father was bandmaster there."

Sheep-shearing began most unfortunately. Felipe, up too soon from a long illness, suffered a relapse while packing the dusty fleeces. Only Alessandro could soothe his delirium; accordingly, Alessandro was persuaded to remain until the invalid should recover.

As Felipe improved, he lived on the open veranda, lying on a raphide bed that Alessandro made. The family sat near him. Alessandro, too, "his music a delight, his strength and fidelity a repose, his personal presence always agreeable, was freely welcome." The young Indian watched Ramona with dumb devotion.

"Such eyes," she mused, "like a saint, so solemn, so mild, I am sure he is very good." She ceased to regard him as an Indian. How could she understand this new feeling? Felipe was the only young man she had ever known.

One thought possessed Alessandro after old Juan Canito, the head shepherd, told him of Ramona's parentage: "The senora loves her not." When Ramona wept at the senora's unkindness, he trembled so that Felipe read his secret.

"If only my mother could think it," reflected generous Felipe, "it would be best to have Alessandro stay here as overseer, and then they might be married."

The crisis came when Ramona's eyes dimmed with tears because she feared Alessandro's father would not let him remain permanently on the ranch.

"Senorita!" he cried, "tears have come into your eyes. Then you will not be angry if I say that I love you!" "I know, Alessandro; I am glad of it; I love you!"

"Oh, senorita, do you mean that you will go with me? You cannot mean

LAST!

"Yes, I will go with you." And then, as they stood locked in each other's arms, the senora discovered them!

"Shameful creature!" she cried, pulling Ramona's protesting lips. She hustled the girl to her room and locked her in.

Alessandro, watching sadly all that plight, heard two wood doves calling, "Love!" "Here." "Love!" "Here." "My Ramona is like the gentle wood dove," thought he; "if she is my wife my people will call her Majel, the Wood Dove."

In vain Felipe tried to persuade his father. In vain she coaxed and threatened Ramona. The jewels which were to be Ramona's dowry, if she married willingly, were no temptation. When the senora scornfully declared, "Your mother was an Indian; a low, common Indian," the girl was truly glad.

"Why do you object to my marrying Alessandro?" she demanded; "I am of his people. The jewels you can give to the church. I shall marry Alessandro."

Felipe sent Alessandro home to Tomecula until the storm should blow over. But the long-dreaded Americans in their search for more land had just taken possession of that peaceful village. Dragged out of his own house by force, Pablo died of grief. Alessandro buried him, and then in utter misery came back to bid Ramona farewell.

"Dearest senorita! I have no home," he faltered; "my father is dead, my people driven out of their village. I am only a beggar now."

But Ramona felt no fear of privations. "Take me with you!" she cried. After long pleading she overruled his wiser arguments, and that night they slipped away, with Baba, Ramona's own horse.

No trace of the lovers was found, for those Indians who knew Alessandro's whereabouts purposely misled inquirers; and at San Diego, where they were married, Ramona had given Alessandro's pet name, "Majella," to be entered on the register.

Their first home was near Alessandro's cousin in San Pascual, where the Indians received Ramona gladly. She was very happy in her new life "under the sky." She accepted a tiny brush but she cheerfully as the comfortable adobe which Alessandro soon built and which she beautified beyond belief. Gladly she led Baba when he plowed the first furrows in their fields.

But Alessandro's anxiety rarely left him. When he heard that the Mexican pueblo paper of San Pascual was worthless, that all the village lands belonged to the Americans in Washington, he lost hope. "I think I shall go mad," he said. When American ranchers appeared, he sold house and crop and moved to Saboba, seeking a place the Americans did not want.

On the way to Saboba they nearly perished in a snowstorm, but were saved by an easy-going Tennessee family, the Hyers, with whom they became friends. Already Ramona's heart had been wrung at hearing of Father Salvaderra's death. Now came a new grief; she feared for Alessandro's reason. Could he bear another blow? "Eyes-of-the-Sky," their baby girl, never recovered from her exposure, and died on the way to the agency doctor, who would not come to her. White men began to encroach and to be insulting.

"We will hide forever," declared Alessandro. Leaving horses and wagon in San Bernardino with the Hyers for the winter, they went to a tiny valley, almost inaccessible, folded high on Mount San Jacinto's slopes. "Here we are safe!" exulted Ramona.

"Pears like she's gone klar out 'er this yer world later another," mused Aunt Ri Hyer, as she sat weaving carpets and gazing up at the shining mountain in the southern horizon.

When Alessandro saw the brown eyes of his second daughter he sighed. "It is an ill gift to have the eyes of Alessandro; they look ever on woe."

Now began attacks of mental distress—wild flights from imaginary white pursuers. Sometimes he tried to drive flocks he fancied were his own. One fatal day he galloped home in a strange horse, taken by mistake during one of his "sicknesses."

"Senor, I will explain—" But Ramona, the enraged owner, shot him dead in the midst of his explanations.

Child in arms, Ramona ran for help to the nearest village, Cahulla. Then came oblivion.

Ten days afterward she opened her eyes. Aunt Ri was beside her and—Felipe! He had recognized Baba in San Bernardino, and from the Hyers and learned the whole story.

"I have been searching for you all this time," he whispered. "I am alone, dear. There is no one now but you to take care of me."

In Mexico Felipe made a new home, and there Ramona became his loving, loyal wife. But when the wood doves called, she heard a voice saying "Majella!" That was her only secret from her husband.

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A Thought for the Day.

Work diligently and be honorable and when you are dead the world will ask: "How much did he leave?"—Birmingham News.

Small Sainly Congregation.

Church notice—"Splendid music will be a feature. Come early. All sinners are urged to assist in the choir."—Boston Transcript.

New Steel Wheels.

Forged in one piece, a steel wheel has been invented for automobiles, including rims, spokes, hubs and brake drums.

Delia's Affliction

By LAURA MONTGOMERY

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"Yes," murmured Delia, a trace of complacency in her voice, "I've been bedridden for twelve years."

The guest, wife of the new doctor in the little village, looked puzzled. "But what is your trouble?" she asked, glancing around the speckless, sunny room with its flowering plants, each pot dressed in shiny white paper and tied with ribbon.

Delia essayed a feeble smile. "I'm a great sufferer," she acknowledged, "but I have learned to be patient. I bear my cross—and—" she looked up at the clock that had evidently been brought in from the parlor, a gay affair under a glass cover, and with an impatient gesture struck smartly the bell beside her—"Ruth does not mean to be neglectful," she said with an air of patience, "but—"

A girl of thirty years of age hurried into the room, apprehension on her face. "Nothing wrong, Delia?" she cried.

"Of course it doesn't make any difference, but it's time for my warm milk," murmured Delia quite weakly. "Excitement makes me faint and I never like to dwell on my past—"

Ruth pinkened and glanced meaningfully at the guest. "Won't you come out with me while I get her milk?" she said. "She will perhaps nap a bit now."

Jane Morrow, a queer look in her observant eyes, followed the girl. Ruth was tall and very thin. She looked as though her youth had been such a depressed affair that it had been willingly relinquished and that she had slipped beyond the borders of girlhood almost thankful that so much of life had been traversed. The room beyond was at the north of the house and was very barely furnished. None of the pleasant little luxuries so much in evidence in the invalid's room were visible here.

"Your sister tires very easily," remarked Mrs. Morrow.

Ruth, bending up eggs in a glass of rich milk, nodded. "Yes, she likes to talk about her symptoms, but if any one asks her questions she gets impatient. It is very hard on her. She has no one but me."

"Then," said Mrs. Morrow with a keen glance at the weary face, "you have no one but her. Why don't you pity yourself?"

Ruth looked amused. "I have nothing to be pitied for. I am very strong. It worries me to have to leave Delia while I go to teach, but the schoolhouse is very near, half a block, and still—her eyes filled with dread—"I am always afraid of fire. I'm sure I could get back here in two minutes, I've timed myself, but—"

"No reason why she couldn't step out of bed, is there? Anything wrong with her feet? Lame?"

"No," said Ruth, rather surprised at the newcomer's bluntness, "but the exposure would probably kill her. School is only five days a week, though, so Saturday and Sunday I am free to look after her properly."

"Who takes care of her when you are out with the young people?" asked the doctor's wife.

"I wouldn't leave her just for pleasure. You see, I know all her ways and no one else can please her. Why, if there is even a tiny speck of dust on her floor she detects it."

"To better have doctor stop in and see her. I've no doubt he'll get her up in no time," began Mrs. Morrow briskly, but there was a call from the front room.

"Get rid of that woman," commanded the invalid, her black eyes snapping. "How can I rest with such a clatter? Don't let her send her husband. I don't want strange eyes on me."

Thoughtfully the doctor's wife continued her round of calls. She heard a good deal about Delia's wonderful patience and sweetness under her affliction, but of Ruth's tireless devotion no one had much to say; that is, no one saw anything unusual in it save Ed Black, who had told Mrs. Morrow about the years of waiting.

He had bought and furnished a cottage for Ruth, who had planned to take the invalid with them after their marriage and they had intended to sell the cottage belonging to the sisters so that Delia could have the money for herself, that she might never feel in the slightest degree dependent. When the invalid was informed of the plans, however, she grew greatly excited and went into hysterics. She refused absolutely to leave her home or to allow Ed Black to make one of the family. She seemed horrified at Ruth's selfishness in contemplating marriage. She said she could not last more than a year at most and surely Ruth could put off her marriage that long.

"And all that happened," reflected Mrs. Morrow, "nine years ago. Ruth was twenty-one years old then. Now she's thirty and old Delia is good for twenty years yet. She looks healthier. The next day Ruth was obliged to take one of her pupils home. The child lived two miles out in the country and Ed Black, who oddly enough happened to drop in to speak to her, offered to drive them out. Ruth sent one of the girls with a message to Delia and, with an unvoiced feeling of relief from the duties of school, stepped into Ed's car and they sped down the snowy road.

The little girl who had complained of some childish ailment, was left with her mother who smiled rather mysteriously at Ed Black. Mrs. Morrow was there, and asked Ruth to stay, but she was anxious to get back to attend to Delia. As they left the yard Ed called the girl's attention to a flock of birds going south and in some manner his clutch on the wheel swerved and the car tipped over. Ruth, shaken and frightened, was helped into the house and Mrs. Morrow, promising to look after Delia,

went back with Ed.

The doctor's wife seemed strangely clumsy in her housework. The stove began to smoke and the tray of food she prepared so eagerly did not at all please the invalid.

"I can't drink that tea, it bores. I never have my steak fried, Ruth boils it," she complained.

"Oh, well, you oughtn't to eat much lying in bed. Ruth will be laid up for a few weeks, I guess," said Mrs. Morrow placidly. "Guess her ankle is twisted. Good thing it is the last day of school before Christmas. She won't lose any money. I'll send old Mrs. Barnes in to look after you—"

"I won't have her," Delia fairly screamed. "She isn't neat and no one understands my ways as—"

"You might as well be patient. Of course you can't hire any one like Ruth. She is frightfully sorry, but the doctor won't let her step on her foot. If you could get about and wait on her she might be moved home," Mrs. Morrow filled the stove and coals dropped and rolled over the clean rug carpet. Without noticing this she hurried out to the kitchen and left the back door open so that a dog ran in. "My, but it's a lovely day," she beamed, returning and picking up the untouched tray. "I'll run in this evening and put in some more coal for you." She lunged against the foot of the bed, disarranging the coverings, and went out, slamming doors behind her.

Delia lay staring after her. She was distinctly hungry. Ruth would have coaxed her into eating. Ruth would be gone for weeks.

The dog scratched at the back door and managed to push it open and he rushed in bringing an icy blast of wind and considerable snow.

An hour later saw Delia with her bronchitis of years' standing quite forgotten. She was attending to the household affairs competently when Ed stopped in after supper.

"I don't know why you and Ruth don't get married," remarked the invalid. "I am feeling all right again, but," her black eyes snapped, "no thanks to that silly Mrs. Morrow, going out and not fastening the door behind her."

Ruth never knew of the kindly conspiracy that resulted in her release from a wholly imaginary duty, but Mrs. Morrow often fancied that she detected a grim amusement in Delia's eyes when they met hers.

"Yes," Delia would relate, "I bore my affliction and when it was lifted from me I arose and walked."

LILAC LOVED IN ALL AGES

Spring Flower's History is Older Than That of China—Belongs to Olive.

The lilac blooms again. It is a very respectable flower in the matter of age. It belongs to the ancient family of the olive and it was blooming in China before Confucius lived, in Persia ages before Cyrus and Cambyses did anything to attract attention, and in Afghanistan and Belochistan long before those names were known outside Asia.

There was once a dispute whether the name "lilac" was an Arabic, Persian, Sanskrit or Chinese word, and it was a dispute which was not settled to the satisfaction of all disputants, but no matter.

No big flowering plant, not excepting the sweet shrub, the snowball, bridal wreath and hollyhock, held a fonder place in grandma's garden than the lilac, observes the New York Sun. It was common in the gardens of Europe in the sixteenth century and the Pilgrims to the North American colonies brought over some plants and countless millions of lilac bushes have descended from these colonial plants.

In the old times we did not call it the "lilac" but the "lay-lock" and in Merrie England it was called the pipe tree, blue pipe and pipe privet. In the woody stems of the lilac bush is a pith which is easily bored out, leaving the stem a "pipe," and perhaps on some occasions these may have been used as a stem for a tobacco pipe. The lilac is of the genus called "syringa" and that is a Greek word meaning pipe or tube.

Red Flag Symbol of Revolution.

It is probable that even the ancients were aware of the fact that red is visible at a greater distance than any other color, for history says that the red flag was the Roman symbol of war, and that every call to arms was attended by the wearing of a strip of cloth of this color. Thus, for example, those who demanded the destruction of Carthage continually carried bits of red with them, displaying them upon every occasion, and insisting that Rome should not rest until the ramparts of her enemy were stained with the same bloody color.

But it remained for the French revolutionists to adopt the red flag as their symbol of bloodshed and total abolition of recognized authority, a decision which has been followed ever since by those who conspire against law and order.

Efforts to Explain.

"A speech should be a ringing advocacy of some important principle." "It can always be that," replied Senator Borah. "Every now and then a speech is bound to impress your people as merely an apology for the way you are going to vote."

Shoes.

Shoes should not be left near the fire. Heat destroys leather. A little vasoline put between the soles and uppers just before going out in rainy weather will help to keep the feet dry and the shoes in good condition.

Divorce Based on Screams.

A San Francisco man in a divorce complaint against his wife alleged that she was in the habit of screaming in order to make the neighbors believe that he was beating her.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

The Scrap Book

GETTING THERE BY DEGREES

Patient's Loss of a Tooth or Two Really Nothing in Life of Youthful Dentist.

Forceps in hand, the young dentist approached his nervous patient.

"You're sure you are an experienced mummy?" inquired the victim, noting the dentist's youth. "I'm quite a c-coward, you know! Ha, ha!"

"My dear sir," assured the youth, "in one minute it will all be over. So! Ah! Now then!"

"Yow-ho!" roared the patient clapping his hand to his jaw. Then he looked up, to see the dentist smiling benevolently at him.

"There!" said the young man. "That's out! Did it hurt?"

"Hurt?" roared the patient. "Hurt?" He made an experimental tour around his gums with his tongue. A terrible discovery was the result.

"Young man," he shrieked, "you've pulled out the wrong one!" "I know," said the dentist, "but now I can get at the other one more easily."

LOST BY ENGRAVER'S ERROR

Grammatical Slip in Formation of Arabic Character Spoiled Millions of Egyptian Stamps.

A curious slip in the formation of a single Arabic character has led to the condemnation of an entire printing of 5,000,000 Egyptian postage stamps of the 15 millimes denomination, reports Douglas B. Armstrong in the London Daily Express.

The word "millimes," itself being feminine, requires a masculine number to precede it, but the English engraver inadvertently rendered both the number and the word in the feminine. The mistake was not discovered until the stamps reached Egypt, when they were withheld from circulation until a new plate could be prepared with corrected inscription.

Instructions have been given that these wrongly inscribed are to be used up on official dockets and postoffice papers that will eventually be destroyed, without getting into the hands of privileged individuals, and for these high prices are being sought. It is in dealing with unfamiliar languages that the stamp printer is most prone to err. A case in point is provided by the New Zealand postage stamps overprinted for use in Niue or Savage Island some years ago.

The face values of the stamps were overprinted in the Niuean language, the inscription on the 1s stamp reading normally, "Taha e Silenti," but during the casting of the electrolyte plate the middle "e" became joined to the first word, converting it into "Tahae," which means "thief."



OH FUDGE

"What's all that noise, all that hubbub in the shops?"

"We manufacture tennis goods."

"Well?"

"And that fellow is making a racket."

Buttons in Nose.

Two cases of diphtheria in children were found by their doctors to be caused by the presence of buttons in the nose. One was a child aged seven years, who had been in an isolation hospital in England for eleven weeks. The disease seemed to be chronic, and the tonsils and adenoids were removed. After 18 months a shoe button was removed from the nose of the child. Almost similar was the case of a little boy of nine. This patient also went to an isolation hospital, and was cured after the liberation of a shoe button which was in his nose.

Horse Fifty-One Years Old.

Clover, a horse fifty-one years old, was exhibited at the recent fashion and beauty bazaar held in Madison Square Garden, New York. The horse was bred in Kentucky and the present owner has had it for 35 years. For five years it was on the race track as a trotter and pacer with a record of 2:17. Veterinarians who examined the horse said that the secret of its long life was that it had retained its teeth.

Has Poultry League of Nations.

A Dorchester (Mass.) hen has just hatched out a poultry league of nations. The downy brood includes: Two turkey chicks. Two ducklings. Two goslings. Now the hen is mothering her three-party brood. Neighbors wonder what the hen thinks of her assorted charges.

Antiquities of the Thames.

The ancient level of the Thames in England was once 130 feet above the present level. Recent discoveries in the gravel terraces have shown that men differing little from the modern type lived on the island 4,000 years ago.

THE CANELESS SMOKER

A fool there was and his pipe he lit (Even as you and I)
On a forest trail where the leaves were fit
To become ablaze from the smallest bit
Of spark—and the fool he furnished it.
The day was windy and dry.

The forest was burned to its very roots,
Even beneath the ground,
With the flowers, the birds and the poor
dumb brutes,
Old hoary oaks and the tender shoots
Which might have made logs, but for
such galeolts
Allowed to wander around.

The lumberjack has now passed on,
His pay day comes no more,
And the screech owls haunt the camp at
dawn
Where the cook's tin pan woke the men
of brown;
But the mill is silent, the trees are gone,
The soil and the forest floor.

A deadly sight are those hills of rocks
Which once were beds of green;
No hope for the human, no food for the
locks;
The floods must be held by expensive
locks
And the harbor is silted to the docks,
The ships no more are seen.

But the fool smokes on in the forest still,
Leaves campfires burning, too,
While the patient public pays the bill
And the nation's wealth is destroyed for
nill;
If the law doesn't get him, old Satan will
When his smoking days are through.
—Harrie A. Reynolds in the Milwaukee
Journal.

CLOSED SEASON FOR MALES

Magazine Writer Throws Out a Suggestion That is Worthier of More or Less Thought.

Consideration of verdicts in murder trials where women are involved the country over indicates something amiss with the present system. It needs codifying and simplifying. Starting from the basic proposition, exemplified in scores of instances from Maine to California and once more re-enforced in the Stone trial, that no woman of reasonable attractions and with money enough to hire a top-notch lawyer need fear conviction for killing a man by whatever method she finds most convenient, it follows that the subsequent procedure should be freed of cumbersome and expensive details, observes a writer in Leslie's. A sliding scale of fines might well be worked out, ranging from, say \$10 in the case of baby blondes under twenty-five, to as high as \$1,000 for severe brunettes up to the age of fifty. Above that limit murderers should perhaps be imprisoned, although it is unsafe to generalize in these days of cosmetic rejuvenation when anybody's grandmother in full war paint may look like the far end of the chorus. On the other hand there are the men to be considered. Other game is protected at certain seasons and unless man is to be regarded as purely a varmint and a creature of prey (which seems to be the accepted view of the typical, woman-obsessed juror) he ought to have a chance for his life. Nobody really wants him to become wholly extinct. How would it do to declare a closed season on males the first three weeks of every month, and let them take to the woods for the odd week? The suggestion is respectfully submitted to congress as a possible relief to its bonus, tariff and international troubles.

Dog One of Chief Mourners.

A pathetic dog story comes from Jacksonville, Fla. A large collie was one of the mourners of its master, an eleven-year-old lad who was suffocated when a tunnel the boy and his playmates had dug caved in. The collie was at the mortuary when it was opened and during the funeral service in the chapel took a place under the casket, where his howls interrupted the proceedings. When the casket was placed in the hearse to be taken to the train the dog climbed in, and all efforts to remove him were unavailable until the body was put on the train.

"Lost the Account."

The Council of North Sydney, Australia, has had dealings with a man with strange ideas of bookkeeping. Some years ago he did some work for the Council, but didn't claim payment for part of it, because, he said, he had "lost the account." The other day the bill was sent in for the balance and was duly paid. The "account" had been kept on a bit of tin; which had got mislaid.



GOOD NEWS

Bird—How are the children?
Frog—Pretty well, thank you—they've just cut their hind legs.

Hen Eats Her Chicks.

A British Columbia woman says that one of her hens ate one of its chicks last month. She thought that there must have been something the matter with the chick, but she discovered her mistake when the hen commenced eating another chick which was healthy in every respect.

Followed Father's Example.

The brides and bridegrooms at a double wedding at Spalding, Eng., were two brothers and two sisters. The brides followed the example of their father, for he and his brother married two sisters.

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WATER

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HAD CLEAR VISION OF RADIO

Imaginative Canadian Writer Looked Into the Future With Slight That Was Prophetic.

A remarkable imaginative prediction of wireless telephony was made by Grant Balfour (J. M. Grant) of Toronto in a triologue which appeared in an English magazine in 1899, and was afterward reproduced in a pamphlet entitled "Bahrak-Kohl," two Hebrew words, meaning the voice of the lightning. The characters of this little treatise were represented as in the neighborhood of the Jordan. "The prophet now took from his girdle," says the narrative, "a small instrument resembling a trumpet for the deaf. Coming down to Mohammed, he asked him to turn his right side toward the south and to put the broad end of the instrument to his right ear. The prophet then inquired where his home was. "My home," replied Mohammed, "is in the extreme south of Arabia, 1,400 miles away."

"Listen now," said the prophet; "dost thou hear the sound of waves?" "I do," replied the sheik. "Where may they be?"

"These waves," answered the prophet, "are the waves of the Indian ocean breaking upon the Arabian shore."

Further describing the instrument, the prophet said: "The thing before thee is but a rude pattern in part of the coming needed device of man. No such device is required by a prophet of the Lord to entrust the lightning with a message. The prophet speaks, nay, he needs but to will, and it is done."—Toronto Globe.

GREEK ART LONG IN MAKING

Mistaken Idea Too Long Held That It Was a Thing of Spontaneous Growth.

Every now and then some extreme modernist comes forward with the statement that the Greek inspiration has no place in the art of our time. Yet, from a broad modern standpoint, "classic art" has so greatly enlarged its scope and widened its horizon that it seems in no danger of dying out of the present-day world. What used to be called "the classic traditions" have long since died out and given place to new conceptions of the origins of Greek art, and the tendency of modern criticism is also to revise old ideas of late classic styles. Any and all periods of Hellenic development are accepted—in their relation to our own time, rather than as absolute, conservative ideals of beauty.

Archeology has, in our day, become one of the most vividly interesting and thoroughly alive of pursuits, continually opening up new avenues of inquiry, and giving light and inspiration to the whole field of art. Archeological discoveries of the last 30 years have shown that the golden age of Greek art was more than 2,000 years in the making. It is strange enough to think that previously it was regarded as a spontaneous growth, with origins veiled in impenetrable mystery. Now, the adventurer into the great regions of knowledge, where the story of Greek civilization unfolds itself, may become possessed of at least the main facts of prehistoric epochs long before Greek art became Greek—"The Field of Art," in Scribner's.

Job Led Israel Out of Egypt.

A northern visitor was playing golf on one of the Florida winter resort courses this spring, where the cadices were largely colored boys. Most of the boys he found to be deeply religious. It is open to question whether they read the Bible themselves or absorbed most of their knowledge through their ears, listening to their elders.

The northerner and his caddy were walking down the fairways. "You know considerable about the Bible, Henry," the player said, "I suppose you know that when Jonah led the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt it took them almost a lifetime to get to the promised land."

"No, sir," the colored boy replied, "that wasn't Jonah what led the Israelites. Jonah never done that. It was Job."

Jack Spratt could eat no fat; his wife could eat no lean. You see they spent their money for the Jitney's gasoline.—Fresno, Cal., Republican.

In That Sense, Anyway.
"Failure is sometimes the beginning of success," says a philosopher. At any rate, seeing one's finish is apt to give one a start.

Lachrymal.
From a Story—"Her throat was full of tears." From her eye teeth, probably, comments T. M. C.—Boston Transcript.

Fifty Thousand Winks a Day.
A nervous person may wink as often as 50,000 times during the waking hours of the day.

VALUABLE HICKORY TIMBER GROWS SCATTERINGLY OVER LARGE AREAS



Group of Hickories—Pignut in the Center, Shagbark on the Sides—Putnam County, Tennessee.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)
Hickory timber, although held in seemingly vast amount by the forests of the country, may soon become insufficient to meet American manufacturing and woodworking needs. The increasing demand for this valuable species, together with the scattered character of its growth in the forest, has resulted in merchantable stands becoming more and more inaccessible and difficult to log.

Stands Are Widely Scattered.
The Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture, puts the country's present supply of hickory, distributed through 200,000,000 acres of forests, at 15,781,000,000 board feet. Of this the Central states have 1,701,000,000 feet, the lower Mississippi states 5,171,000,000 feet, the South Atlantic and East Gulf states 3,133,000,000 feet, the Middle Atlantic states 412,000,000 board feet, the Lake states 187,000,000 feet, and the New England states 40,000,000 feet.

One of the uses to which hickory is put is the manufacture of spokes for automobile wheels. The yearly demand upon the hickory reserves by this industry alone is tremendous, as there is much waste in getting the select stock necessary not only for spokes but also the rims of wheels.

Industries Compete for Hickory.

For the most part vehicle and agricultural implement industries compete with the handle industry for hickory and ash. These are located mainly in the Middle West, but now derive most of their wood supplies from the South. A large number of far-sighted organizations purchased more or less extensive hardwood tracts some years ago, from which they are now able to draw at least a part of their wood supplies. To secure hickory, which grows scatteringly over large areas, the vehicle and vehicle-implement industries originally maintained extensive buying, logging, and milling organizations in the South. They draw upon every conceivable source—farmers' woodlots, small mills, large sawmills, and even specialized operations designed to secure hickory alone. These concerns in general carry in stock about a two years' supply of special-dimension stock.

Makers of automobile wheels say that they can still get the material required if they make sufficient effort and pay the price, but it is necessary to go farther and farther away for it. Many inquiries received by the forest service from vehicle implement makers, requesting information on possible substitutes for the woods used in vehicle making, is merely another indication of the difficulties in getting adequate supplies at the present time and of uncertainty as to the future.

Ten Different Kinds of Hickories.

Hickory is often referred to as if it were a single species, like red gum or yellow poplar. In reality there are 10 different kinds of hickory trees. For hickory-handle purposes those known as true hickories are most valuable. The pecan hickories include the water, nutmeg, and bitter nut varieties. The true hickories comprise shagbark, pignut, and mocker out. The handle industry is largely dependent on this last group of trees for its raw material.

The annual consumption of hickory by the handle trade is something over 120,000,000 feet board measure. Little, if any, of this material passes through the sawmills, for it is ordinarily cut and shipped to the handle factories in the form of log bolts or billets. All hickories do not give the same service when made into handles. The various parts of the same tree may show different properties, and the quality of the wood near the center is quite likely to differ from that nearer the bark.

The wood of the butt of a young hickory tree is of greater average toughness than is when the tree is old. The wood of butt cuts of both old and young trees is tougher than that cut higher up the trunk. The handle manufacturers, for the most part, demand second-growth hickory, which consists of young stock of rapid growth.

Best Material for Handles.

Hickory is the best known material for certain classes of tool handles, such as the ax, adz, pick, hammer, and hatchet. There is a certain strength, toughness and elasticity to hickory which nature has denied to other commercial woods. Some are stronger, many are harder, but the rare combination of the qualities mentioned is lacking in all of them.

The raw material for handles in the form of short log bolts is sometimes split into handle blanks in the woods.

but the usual practice is to rip-saw the bolts into blanks at the factory. The split-handle blank is considered superior to the sawed blank in that it insures a straight-grain handle. On the other hand, sawed blanks, though they are likely to show more cross grain, are more economical in the use of timber.

Hickory, due to its unrivaled properties of great strength, elasticity, and resiliency, is used exclusively in the manufacture of handles of golf clubs. The constantly increasing popularity of this sport has placed another demand on the hickory supply.

KEEP CONTAINERS UP TO THEIR FULL SIZE

"Short" Baskets Due to Lack of Proper Inspection.

Manufacturers Are Ready to Correct Any Defects Pointed Out by Department of Agriculture—Shippers Blamed.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A "short" tomato basket masquerading as a 4-quart U. S. basket. The United States Department of Agriculture picks up the scent. On the "trail of the troublesome U. S. basket" the chase is called.

Partly through a desire to conform to the wishes of the shippers and partly because of failure to have the basket forms inspected frequently, containers far short of the standard measure were being made. Short-measure U. S. baskets for fruits and vegetables are frequently the result of careless handling of the forms used in manufacturing the containers, the department points out. Dropping the forms on the floor or otherwise mishandling them can easily knock them out of shape.

Forms and containers of numerous basket manufacturers in the United States are inspected as often as possible by the department, and the experience has been that the manufacturers are ready to correct any defects in a desire to turn out baskets of standard size. But the department cannot get around to all manufacturers, who are therefore being urged to have their forms frequently inspected and to submit samples of their output to the department to be tested. If the shippers generally would also appreciate the desirability of uniform containers, the standardization of containers would be a simple matter, says the department.

SOY BEAN GOOD CATCH CROP

Regular Practice at Missouri Agricultural College and Is Very Successful.

The growing of soy beans as a catch crop after wheat is a regular practice at the Missouri agricultural experiment station and has been very successful. Under some conditions the catch crop is worth as much as the main crop. The beans can be cut for hay in plenty of time for fall seeding of wheat.

PRODUCTION OF CLOVER SEED

Crop for 1922 Expected to Be Larger Than Last Year—Not as Heavy as 1918.

The 1922 production of crimson clover seed is expected to be larger than last year's small crop, although it will not approach the heavy production of 1918 and 1919, according to reports received by the United States Department of Agriculture.

Olive Oil Has Rival.
Oil of castor, a product of sandy coastal regions of several Brazilian states, is reported to be equal to the best olive oil, both as food and medicine.

The Point of View.

One of the most curious things about American politics is that without a single historical exception a partisan is invariably a member of the other party.—Washington Post.

When a Sheep Is a Goat.

Up there the sheep and goats will be divided, but down here the sheep are usually the goats.—Eugene, Ore., Daily Guard.

HAVE ONLY DUDS THAT FOLD WELL

There Are Many Sorts of Clothes Suitable for the Summer Vacation Trip.

THE USEFUL BOUDOIR WRAP

Garment Serves for Bath Robe but Can Be Used for Room Gown—Hand-Made Dress and Cape to Match.

These are traveling days for everybody. But how to do the journeying without all the trunks and bags and hat boxes in the world is one of those problems not so easy to solve.

The woman who starts off on her summer vacation burdened with too many dress and hat carriers is bound to have some unhappy moments before she has finished her holidays. She will be far wiser, states a fashion writer in the New York Times, to study out her needs before she starts away and indulge right from the start in the process of elimination. She can be well dressed in a small space just as efficiently as she can by taking up all the room in her vicinity. It is only necessary to take the right things and the most foldable things along with her.

There are plenty of pretty clothes that really have no place in a traveler's luggage unless that traveler is equipped with a maid or two and pressing facilities galore. Those dresses might just as well remain at home when the average woman is doing her tripping, for they will be of little or no use to her once she has wrested their tangled meshes from the crowded masses of her trunk. Ruffles will not withstand packing unless they are coaxed back to life through the expenditure of much time and energy. And who wants to expend these valuable possessions when off for a summer splurge?

On the other hand, there are so many sorts of clothes, especially among the present styles, that seem fitted by nature to go traveling. They telescope themselves without any assistance, and they come out from the confines of tightly packed luggage looking their own charming selves.

Plan for Comfort.

Naturally, these are the frocks to be chosen for the summer, if one is planning with the least foresight and care for one's ultimate comfort. All of the crepe and chiffon dresses, which are so important a part of the present summer wardrobe, fold into small spaces with the greatest of ease and grace. In the first place, they are cut along such straight and simple lines that they fairly beg to be packed just to show how particularly well they can stand the strain. A woman may fold them just as she would lay together a piece of straight material, with no more fear that the wrinkles will be noticeable when the dress is dragged from the trunk.

The silken and chiffon materials are woven with such great art and care that they take to packing with no more terror than if they were meant for that alone. In other words, they have such body and flexibility that they need fear no wrinkles or permanent folds, and the owner need fear none for them. She is safe when she keeps to these materials, for they are so adaptable that they will stand her in good stead no matter what demands may be made upon them.

There is much in the way the gowns are cut. The simpler they are the better. For if there is too much draping about them, then they are let in for extra creasings, which may not be so good after much traveling about. But the straight lines fold into small places so naturally that they emerge without showing the traces of packing.

Of course, every woman needs a boudoir wrap of some sort wherever



The Kimono of Printed Crepe That Will Serve Many Purposes After It Has Been Extracted From the Packing Case.

she is going or whatever she is doing. Not only will it serve for a bath robe, but it can be used for a room gown as well.

Near Calico Design.

The material from which it has been made is one of those crepes printed in a fine pattern. This one happens to be red and white in almost a calico design. It is cut and designed so that it covers the person, and at the same time its material is cool and pleasant to the touch even on the hottest of summer days. It has been lined with a red China silk, and that lining is carried out at the front so that it forms a sort of revers all the way to the foot of the garment. This facing

then continues throughout the garment, so that it helps to give form and substance to the thing and, at the same time, adds so little extra weight and bulk that it is scarcely appreciable. At the places where the gown splits and opens the red lining can be seen through the interstices, and that alone tends to give a trimmed, gala appearance which is most attractive and which breaks the general design of the all-over pattern in an interesting manner.

One never knows until one owns a garment of this sort—midway between the wrapper and the housegown—what a comfort it can be on a trip. Something of this sort comes to mean com-



Hand-Made Silk Dress With Cape to Match and Collapsible Hat Designed to Fold Easily Into Summer Baggage.

fort in a way nothing else could. Every time the owner puts it on she will thank a kind Providence for having led her to the decision that brought that particular article of apparel into her wardrobe.

The hand-made dress and cape to match is the sort of thing that is born for packing. The fabric is a heavy cotton crepe, and the dress is made along the straightest of lines. There are lines of hemstitching and drawn work for its trimming, and there is not a frill or furbelow that can suffer from packing. Anyone who has owned one of these frocks knows how small a place they take up when folded together, and how satisfactory they are through many months of wear and tear.

Cape of Same Material.

This dress has a cape made of the same material and lined with a light-weight crepe de chine. It may be worn with this dress or with others as a light summer evening wrap, and, for that reason, it serves a place in the traveler's wardrobe which cannot easily be taken by any other sort of garment. Presumably the reader has worn a suit while traveling, and has carried an extra heavy wrap over her arm, but neither the suitcoat nor the outer wrap is going to serve for evening demands with which she will be confronted, no matter where she goes. But this wrap can be folded into the smallest of spaces and taken forth on many occasions. Without it a woman would be quite at a loss and if she attempted to pack anything with more weight and body and trimming than she would find herself forced into adding extra luggage to accommodate the extra frills.

Keep the cape simple and the dress simple and half of the traveling battle is fought. And, if the reader follows the scheme, she will have a silk suit which can always be worn for afternoon, often for evening, and sometimes in the morning hours. Moreover, silk is cool, it can stand wet weather and when a colder day makes its appearance the owner can still look well in a silk dress under her heavier coat. There is no article from which a dress of this character is not satisfactory, and this season to be right in the height of style it is desirable to have it made of that extra soft lustrous cloth which has taken the place of gray in smart circles. It is a color which goes with most everything and which is becoming to many types.

Avoid Extra Hat Box.

By avoiding the extra hat box, the traveler may save herself all sorts of worry and bother and porter fees. For, with only one bag, she can, in an emergency, drag herself and it around, but with two the situation becomes hopeless. She will find when she starts to shop that there are all sorts of little and becoming hats that can be folded along with dresses as flat as can be, and which will still emerge with none of that mashed appearance. She will live to thank herself for providing herself with this sort of hat instead of the stiffer variety which must be cared for so particularly and which, even then, is apt to come forth after a train or boat trip with that sad and drooping appearance for which there is no salvation.

There are little woolen hats done in bright and interesting colors. Some are made of draped ribbons, and sturdy ones of blocked felt that mash into small places with the greatest agility and come forth to surprise one by their well-groomed look.

Protector Taking Nap, Too.

Betty Ann had always been taught that no harm could come to her while sleeping because Jesus never sleeps, but watches over her at all times. One afternoon, while taking her nap, she rolled too near the edge of the bed and tumbled off onto the floor. Her mother hurried in, anxiously inquiring how the accident occurred, and Betty answered sleepily, "Oh, dear, I guess Jesus was takin' a little nap, too."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

CALLS HALT ON OLD JOKES

Writer Thinks It Time That Some of the Well-Worn Witticisms Were Scrapped.

Correspondent in one of the papers makes a strenuous protest against humorists constantly using jokes that have grown whiskers.

"Why," says he, "do they always refer to live, alert, progressive Philadelphia as sleepy town?"

Really, we can't tell. Last time we were there we didn't get to bed all night. The Pen and Pencil club never closes.

"What fat man," asks the correspondent, "ever searches for a collar button? What man ever gets down on his knees to propose to a bobbed-haired girl?" and he concludes, "the average mother-in-law is no more troublesome than any other individual."

And he's right. All these old-time jokes should be scrapped; but the task will take some time.

You see, it's this way. When the man who writes jokes comes to the office in the morning with a headache or indigestion, or a touch of the grip, he doesn't feel very funny; indeed, he doesn't. But he has to get out his stuff, and if he can land on something about Philadelphia or mother-in-law, etc., and can give it a new twist, he grabs it, so as to save time and anguish for himself.

He shouldn't do this, of course; but he is only human like the rest of us, and, on the level, it's no cinch inventing new jokes. Most joke writers grow bald early, and there's a reason.

And there is no rest for a joke writer. When he's off duty, he starts to think of jokes for the next day, and sometimes when his thinking apparatus is not in good working order, he is liable to ring up something on the old collar button, or the man on bent knees proposing to a slapper, and being unable to arise on account of rheumatism, until assisted by her father, who hates him, and gives him the grand rush.

We are heartily in favor of letting the whiskered jokes rest forever, but it will take time before they are permanently eliminated.—Brooklyn Standard-Union.

The Home Board.

A queer notion seems to be current that the table exists to feed people. It exists to feed people, but far more to gather the members of a household together three times a day; to acquaint them with each other by revealing little intimate traits of character; to furnish a court in which may be impartially discussed problems of family, community and nation; to be a glowing center in the family life about which choice memories will ever linger.

In the decorative effect of the table ready for a meal, every item is important. The character of the table itself, the linen, the china, the silver, the food, its service, are all important. The artistry of a thing is inherent in the original idea; is concerned with every phase of its expression. A table ready for service may be a complete design with nothing on the table but the food and the furnishings necessary to serve the food effectively. Such a table was recently seen in a modern home. The table, large enough for a luncheon for two, was a sturdy design, with which the warm gray-linen table-runner blended; the quaint tea-set and the forceful pattern of the dishes made an excellent setting for the food.—April Delineator.

Justifying Haste.

He was well past three score years and ten, and when, a few months after burying his second wife, he took unto himself a third only about half his own age, it created a furore in the small southern town in which he resided. Being a pillar in his church, a meeting was called to look into the matter.

"Brother Bankston," began one of the elders, after a tactful approach of the subject by another member, "don't you think you were in rather much of a hurry in this last matrimonial venture?"

The old man arose and gave the gathering a sweeping look. "Brethren, most assuredly I was in a hurry. You must remember I am seventy-odd years old, and I have to be in a hurry with anything I want to do now."—Judge.

By-Products From Yellow Pine Stump

The United States Department of Agriculture has issued a very interesting bulletin, entitled, "The Distillation of Stumpwood and Logging of Western Yellow Pine." In this report it is stated that the stumps which are left behind after logging operations are very rich in resinous products, for which there is a ready market, as crude pine wood oils are being used considerably in the flotation process of concentrating ores. Plants which would be erected to extract these oils from the stumpwood would have to be of the single retort movable type, so that when the stumps in the immediate locality of the plant have been consumed, the latter can be dismantled and set up again at another point with very little difficulty.—Scientific American.

Waterproof Sandpaper.

According to the "Paint, Oil and Chemical Review" of February 1, 1922, a new article has appeared on the market in the form of a waterproof sandpaper. This is especially useful in the painting of automobiles, where it can be used with water at a considerable saving of time in the place of pumice stone, in rubbing out color and color varnish coats, and also on first coats of rubbing varnish.

Some of Them Are Prominent.

Conscience doesn't make rewards of us all. A lot of people never have had consciences.

Always.

The best angle from which to approach any problem is the triangle.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Mercury, July 27, 1822

B. B. Hubbard, Post-Master, gives notice that all accounts for postage for letters received must be paid promptly at the end of each quarter; and that no letters will be delivered hereafter to those who have not paid their back quarter's postage. (This sounds odd in these days; but one hundred years ago postage was more than ten times what it is today, and pre-payment of letters was not required.)

At the annual meeting of the Rhode Island Bridge Co. held Monday the following were elected directors: Audley Clarke, Christopher Fowler, Robert Robinson, Jonathan Bowen, George Irish, Christopher G. Champlin, Stephen T. Northam, S. Fowler Gardner and William Ellery. Audley Clarke was elected president of the board. (All good old Newport names.)

Died, at Portsmouth, Va., on the 10th inst., Henry Pritchard, an aged, pious, meek and worthy man. His death was occasioned by voluntary abstinence from food; he having taken the resolution to imitate the fasting of our Saviour, for forty days, with the impression that if he accomplished it he would be immortal. All the efforts of his family to divert him from this design were fruitless, and on the 26th day all the organs of life ceased and he ceased to exist.

A man, who was in perfect health a few hours before, was carried home dead to his wife and five children, in consequence of imprudently drinking cold water at a pump.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, July 27, 1872

The last of the examinations of the public schools closed on Wednesday, and although the scholars were generally called upon to master questions of the highest standard which they had ever studied, the success was more than was anticipated. If the committee don't hold up soon they will get the studies so high that every child must have a Daniel Webster brain to get through.

The graduating exercises of the High School took place yesterday, and were of a high order. The Norman medals for scholarship were awarded to Lizzie S. Engs and James R. Christie; the Read medal for moral influence to Robert W. Hammett; the King medals to Carrie E. Taylor and Alice E. Thompson; a chemical cabinet awarded by Mr. James P. Taylor, for best scholar in the second class, was received by Hattie A. Saunders. In the Clarke Street Grammar school the Read medal was awarded to Frederick Hammett and the Pell medal to Henry T. Coggeshall.

A singular incident was that of finding no fish, but the body of a man in a seine drawn up at the Second Beach Tuesday by Mr. Joshua Tew. Who the unfortunate one is nobody can tell as yet. Further information can be had by applying to E. Truman Peckham, in Middletown.

We publish this week a list of the cottages rented for the season, and as the families are all here it is sufficient evidence that there is much life and activity in the "City by the Sea." This list takes three solid columns of the Mercury.

Mr. Christopher S. Southwick is prepared to receive company at his grove. He has made many improvements this spring, and is now completing a fine driveway through his woods.

The Golden Age says of Colonel T. W. Higginson of Newport that he seems to have had a very cordial reception in London from literary men, servants, and rascals, generally. Mr. Higginson himself said at a greeting given him by the Century Club that he had never known anything, nor expected to know anything, like the hospitality he had experienced in that country.

There are three female visitors to one male at Narragansett Pier this season.

The Savings Bank of Newport are making great improvements to their banking room. Plans have been drawn by Mr. Dudley Newton and Mr. George H. Wilson is doing the work.

Rev. M. J. Talbot, formerly of this city, was made a D. D. at the recent commencement of Wesleyan University.

The yachts of the N. Y. Yacht Club will start on their annual cruise to Newport August 15. Rear Commodore Franklin Osgood will be in command.

Charlotte Cushman is reported to have earned \$55,000 last year, by her profession as reader and actress.

The hay crop on this Island is above the average this year; corn has done finely thus far, but potatoes do not look as though they would turn out very well; they run small and few in a hill.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, July 31, 1897

This has been a busy week for the members of the Fete committee, and arrangements for the demonstration next Wednesday forenoon, afternoon and evening have already reached that stage of perfection where inclement weather alone can prevent its complete success. Mr. William R. Hunter has been elected Commodore of the Venetian parade, and Col. A. A. Barker chief marshal of the land parade, each with authority to appoint his own aids.

The first week in August promises to be a busy one this year. The United States North Atlantic Squadron will reach here next Tuesday for a ten days' stay, and the New York Yacht Club fleet will arrive next Wednesday. Wednesday and Wednesday evening will be Fete Day.

Lieutenant Colonel George C. Shaw, who, at the last meeting declined a re-election, has been an officer of the Newport Artillery Company for nearly

three decades, and had served through the several grades to Lieutenant Colonel. On Tuesday evening last Rev. E. H. Porter, the Chaplain, in behalf of the Company, presented Col. Shaw a set of resolutions beautifully engrossed and framed.

Mr. C. M. Gray and wife of Wooster, Ohio, have been in Newport the past week on a visit to their cousin, Mr. G. A. Wilcox.

The diamond mine of Butte, Montana, was sold a few days ago for \$1,800,000. The mine was bought fifteen years ago by Richard Larkey for ninety cents.

The Island potato supply has been considerably reduced by the large shipments made during the past two weeks, and the prices have consequently advanced. For the past two days the price has been \$2.50 per barrel.

A recent funeral procession consisted of two carriages and fifteen bicycles. "What in the world did they want with so many carriages?" asks an ardent L. A. W., thus recalling the historic Kentucky protest over a "whole dollar's worth of bread and only nine dollars' worth of whiskey."

The haymakers on the Island are well nigh discouraged in their efforts to complete the hay harvest. The weather the past week has been no better than the fortnight preceding, and decidedly unpropitious for curing hay.

The eighty or more professors and instructors in Brown University are, with few exceptions, in sympathy with President Andrews, and heartily regret the affair which has resulted in his resignation.

The residence of Walter Thompson near Battington Centre, and the cottage of Charles Whiting, on the Ferry road, were struck by lightning last Saturday.

Tuesday was Rhode Island Division, Sons of Temperance, day at Rocky Point. Large delegations were present from all over the State. Newport was well represented.

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, Se. Sheriff's Office, Newport, R. I. April 27th, A. D. 1922

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 8523 issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the 21st day of April, A. D. 1922, and returnable to the said Court, July 21st, A. D. 1922, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the eighteenth day of April, A. D. 1922, in favor of The William Lays Dry Goods Co., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of Rhode Island, plaintiff, and against Amy Skryniak, alias Jane Doe, of Newport, in said County, defendant, I have this day at 10 minutes past 3 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest which the said defendant, Amy Skryniak, alias, had on the 15th day of December, A. D. 1921, at 55 minutes past 9 o'clock a. m., (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Northernly on Lot No. 5 on said plat about to be conveyed to Albert V. Johnson 102 feet; Easternly on Eustis avenue 50 feet; Southernly, partly on Lot No. 3 on said plat about to be conveyed to Joseph A. Donovan 100 feet; and Westernly on land of Thomas H. Reagan, and known as Lot No. 28 on said plat 50 feet and containing about 6053 square feet of land, more or less, and known as Lot No. 5, being the premises conveyed to Amy Skryniak by deed from Timothy J. Sullivan et al. in Vol. 110, page 42 of the Land Evidence of Newport, all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the 2nd day of August, A. D. 1922, at 1 o'clock p. m., for the satisfaction of said Execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham July 15th, 1922.

Estate of Herbert S. Minklin

LAURA A. MILLIKIN, Executrix of the estate of Herbert S. Minklin, late of said New Shoreham, deceased presents her first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, and the same is received and referred to the seventh day of August, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room in said New Shoreham for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CLAMPLIN, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport

Estate of Agnes G. Fairfield

NOTICE is hereby given that GEORGE W. FAIRFIELD has qualified as Administrator of the estate of Agnes G. Fairfield, late of Newport, deceased. Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the times required by law, beginning July 22nd, 1922.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport

Estate of Patrick J. Sullivan

NOTICE is hereby given that William F. Sullivan and Henry P. Sullivan have qualified as Executors of the will of Patrick J. Sullivan, late of Newport, deceased. Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the times required by law, beginning July 25th, 1922.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

No Hard Feelings.

Dinner—"Where's the change?" Waiter—"Dar ain't no change; dat's mah tip." Dinner—"But I didn't tell you to have it." Waiter—"Oh, dat's all right, boss. Ah's forgetful mahself sometimes."—Boston Transcript.

High Price of Forgery.

Three hundred years ago forgery in Britain was punishable by death. In earlier times still, the punishment was standing in the pillory, having both ears cut off, having the nostrils slit and perpetual imprisonment.

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, Se. Sheriff's Office, Newport, R. I. April 27th, A. D. 1922

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 8523 issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the 21st day of April, A. D. 1922, and returnable to the said Court, July 21st, A. D. 1922, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 31st day of January, A. D. 1922, in favor of Franklin C. Parsonsage of Newport, plaintiff, and against Annie R. Cummings, alias Jane Doe, of Newport in said County, defendant, I have this day at 55 minutes past 9 o'clock a. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest which the said defendant, Annie R. Cummings, alias, had on the 15th day of December, A. D. 1921, at 55 minutes past 9 o'clock a. m., (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point on the easterly side of Thames street, distant 85 feet, more or less, from the corner of Thames and Touro streets, running thence easterly 51.9 feet, thence southerly 35.5 feet, thence westerly 16.2 feet, thence northerly 14.4 feet, thence westerly 73 feet to the easterly side of Thames street and northerly 24.8 feet to the point of beginning together with all the right of way and other easements there to appurtenant as is set out in a certain deed recorded in Vol. 83 of the Land Evidence of Newport, and page 266, be all of the said measurements more or less or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, on the 2nd day of August, A. D. 1922, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said Execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

7-5

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, Se. Sheriff's Office, Newport, R. I. April 27th, A. D. 1922

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 8553 issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the 21st day of April, A. D. 1922, and returnable to the said Court, July 21st, A. D. 1922, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 31st day of January, A. D. 1922, in favor of Franklin C. Parsonsage of Newport plaintiff, and against John L. Cummings, alias John Doe, of Newport, in said County, defendant, I have this day at 5 minutes past 7 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest which the said defendant, John L. Cummings, alias, had on the 15th day of December, A. D. 1921, at 55 minutes past 9 o'clock a. m., (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot or parcel of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Southernly, 305 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet on land of C. Smith, Westernly on land of Robert Welch and Northernly on land of Annie R. Cummings E. Sestrom and Samuel Halre, and containing about 17375 sq. feet of land, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, on the 2nd day of August, A. D. 1922, at 12:30 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

7-5

NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE RAILWAY COMPANY

Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence

Week Days—7:35, 8:50 and each hour to 4:50
Sundays—8:50 and each hour to 7:30

SEEDS SEEDS

We have unloaded a full line of the famous H. C. ANTHONY SEEDS

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AT AUCTION BANKRUPTCY SALE

WEDNESDAY, AUG 2

At 11 A. M.

At 79 Van Zandt Ave., Newport, R. I.

The real estate together with all the buildings thereon, formerly occupied by the Newport Dairy Company. Also all the machinery and other equipment used in the operation of this dairy business, including a refrigerating plant, pasteurizing outfit, 124 gross of milk bottles, a Ford Delivery Truck, a White Truck, a Maxwell Truck, and an electric motor. An exceptional opportunity is offered to obtain a fully equipped dairy business. The Conditions and Terms of Sale will be announced at the time of the sale.

EDWARD J. CONCORAN, Trustee in Bankruptcy in the matter of Max Zletz and Charles Tobak, co-partners, doing business as the Newport Dairy Company, July 25th.

THE Newport Gas Light Co

NO

COKE for Sale

AT PRESENT

New York

VIA FALL RIVER LINE

Fare \$4.44

Large, Comfortable Staterooms Orchestra on each Steamer

Daylight Saving Time

Lv. Newport, (Long Wharf) 9:45 P.M.

Due New York 7:00 A.M.

Artistic Temperament.

When a man is indulging his artistic temperament is a good time to go out and quietly close the door behind you.



Our Local Industry

The Newport telephone plant as a local industry is permanently rooted here. It represents many thousands of dollars invested in poles, wire, cables, conduits, switchboards, etc. — dollars that would shrink to fractional currency if this delicate and costly plant were not maintained to give efficient telephone service.

The exchange's welfare is to a large degree dependent upon the welfare of Newport. As Newport prospers, the exchange prospers. More business for Newport means more telephone business, and more telephone business means more workers to install and operate telephones—workers who largely are local residents, whose expenditures help local business.

Our Company is a part of the great Bell System which connects 75,000 cities or towns in the United States. But our success as an exchange—as a unit of this great System—is judged by what we do here in Newport and for Newport.

We have every incentive of civic interest, to work for efficient telephone service for Newport, so that our friends and neighbors may be well served, and that these local industries whose patronage furnishes us our bread and butter may receive our hearty co-operation.

It is in this spirit we express a desire to receive suggestions that will make the service of the Newport Central Office a matter of even greater local pride.

W. A. WRIGHT, Manager.

A. H. GREEN & SON

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Branch now open at

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Complete line of furs on hand

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White Shoes for men, women, and children in dress and outing styles
High or low cut Keds in brown or white in all sizes

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Whatever Your Question—be it the pronunciation of a new name the spelling of a puzzling word, the location of a place the meaning of a word—look up Webster's New International Dictionary.

